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PEARSON'S

— £1,000 —
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

THE
CHRISTMAS
DOUBLE
NUMBER
of
Pearson's Weekly

will be published
on **THURSDAY** next,
December 13th.
The price will be 2d.

No. 856.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 13, 1906.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WHAT WOMEN say :



"Cheaper and Better."

Perhaps the most cogent evidence on foods is that supplied by women. The husband is generally the bread-winner, but the wife is the one on whom the selection and preparation of the household foods devolve, and she naturally studies foods and their influence more keenly than the average man does.

Everybody knows about Vi-Cocoa, but if you do not use it you are losing something. Surely the evidence we have put before you is sufficient to persuade you to buy a packet from your grocer to-day, then you will reap the benefit of better health, greater energy, and more endurance. Buy a packet **TO-DAY.**

FOR
TIBBLES'
Vi-Cocoa

COUGHS, COLDS, AND LUNG TROUBLES.

Astonishing Cure by
VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

Mrs. H. ROLLINS, 55 TRENTMAN ST., SOUTH FIELDS, WANDSWORTH, writes:



THE MASTER ROLLINS
(from Photo).

"June 30th, 1905.
"It is with pleasure I write to tell you of the great benefit derived from Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. My two boys, one aged 15 and the other 2 years, were at death's door, suffering from Pleurisy and Congestion of the Lungs, from a severe cold. I can safely say God's blessing and Veno's Lightning Cough Cure completely cured them. I shall always recommend your remedy to my friends; in fact, I cannot speak too highly of it. It deserves all the praise I can give it, for I am sure it has saved me many doctors' bills."

ASK FOR VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The safest, purest, and most efficient remedy procurable for
COUGHS, COLDS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, HOARSENESS & ALL CHILDREN'S COUGHS.
Price 9d., 1/12 and 1/6. All Chemists and Drug Stores everywhere.

Headache CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One dose only of Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post.

Write to
G. H. KAPUTINE,
Lidget Street,
Buckingham.

Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 15 doses, 1/-.
Samples 1d.

TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mystic long prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be quickly and thoroughly cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.

A. J. LEIGH,
62 and 64
Great Russell Street,
LONDON, W.O.
Over twenty years' successful results.

FREE

Buying your Christmas Gifts by Post means saving money and avoiding the rush of Christmas.

SEND A POST-CARD FOR THE
GREAT FREE SAVINGS GUIDE
and
FREE PRIZE BOOK.

By writing to us, you will receive the highest value and savings in their purchases at the least possible expenditure.

By Mr. Samuel's Christmas Free Prizes, you will receive a continuous fund of happiness.

By writing now you will get the Book in time to select your gifts and have them delivered before the holidays.

SEND POST-CARD TO-DAY.

H. SAMUEL,
100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

CHRISTMAS SAVINGS

FREE PRIZES

THOUSANDS OF APPROPRIATE GIFTS AND REQUISITES.

Including SOLID SILVER WATCHES, 66;
DIAMOND RINGS, 10/6; GOLD BROOCHES, 2/6;
DINNER CRUETS, 4/6; CLOCKS from 1/-, &c.

FACTORY PRICES ALL THROUGH THE BOOK.

That is to say, Better Gifts at Half the Cost, with a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL OF ALL PURCHASES, and a share in

H. SAMUEL'S CHRISTMAS FREE PRIZES.

By writing now you will get the Book in time to select your gifts and have them delivered before the holidays.

SEND POST-CARD TO-DAY.

H. SAMUEL,
100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

WHY NOT SOMETHING USEFUL?

If you intend to give a present to any of your friends this Christmas nothing is so indispensable and acceptable to every Lady, Gentleman, or Child, as

Irish Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs.

From 1s. 6d. to 40s. per dozen, and by writing to the Manufacturers for samples (post paid free), you will effect a great saving in cost, and secure genuine articles.

ROBINSON & CLEVER Ltd., 401 Donegall Place, BELFAST.

BETTER THAN OUR LIVER OIL

Best Devonshire Cream (Whipped), containing purest cod liver oil, and the most delicious substance for food and medicine. It is the best for children and invalids. It is the best for the lungs and the blood. It is the best for the stomach and the bowels. It is the best for the nerves and the brain. It is the best for the heart and the liver. It is the best for the kidneys and the bladder. It is the best for the skin and the hair. It is the best for the eyes and the ears. It is the best for the nose and the throat. It is the best for the mouth and the tongue. It is the best for the hands and the feet. It is the best for the whole body. It is the best for the whole world.

BILLIARDS AT HOME

BY PURCHASING
**RILEY'S
BILLIARD
TABLE**

TO PLACE ON
YOUR OWN
DINING TABLE.
Instantly removed,
stored against wall.
Will fit any size
table.

DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT,
CARRIAGE PAID, AT OUR WAREHOUSE.



£3:17:6

or 12 Monthly Payments (5 per cent. extra),
Including Marking Board, Rest, 2 Cues, Set of
Balls, Tips, etc.

Riley's Combined BILLIARD and Dining Table

(PATENTED).
In solid Mahogany, with Dining Table Top, in three parts. Instantaneous action for raising and lowering. To those who cannot devote a room especially for Billiards this Table is highly recommended for a perfect game.

From 31s 10/6, or in 12 or 18 Monthly Payments.

R. J. RILEY Ltd. has secured a Patent for this combined Billiard and Dining Table, for his rooms at 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001.

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Corporation Mills, ACCRINGTON.
London Showrooms: 147 ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

"Let us remember that, young or old, we are all of us in need of a good mixture. It gives us a full of tobacco smoke the crew, and let us have a pipe before we go." — Robert Louis Stevenson.

SMITH'S Glasgow MIXTURE

PROMOTES GOOD FELLOWSHIP, and
helps a man to look on the bright side of life.

SOLD IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY

MEDIUM 41s. per oz. 5s. per 2oz. FULL 10s. per 2oz.

New Fells.

THE WORLD'S REMEDY FOR
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,
WHOOPIING COUGH, INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, &c.

Orbridge's

Lung Tonic.

For BRONCHITIS it acts like magic. It is valuable to Public Speakers, Singers, and all who suffer from THROAT WEAKNESS.

It is the most powerful and safe substitute for any other medicine.

It is sold everywhere, and is the best, the most, the best.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST TO-DAY.

Readers who wish to start the Competition now may obtain from their newsagents issues Nos. 854 and 855 containing the first five sets of pictures, or they will be sent for 3d., post free, from the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.O.

£500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

WHICH WILL NOT BE DIVIDED.

Also **CONSOLATION GIFTS** to the **VALUE** of **£1,000** to be **DISTRIBUTED** as follows :

ONE
CASH
GIFT OF **£250**

ONE
CASH
GIFT OF **£100**

ONE
CASH
GIFT OF **£50**

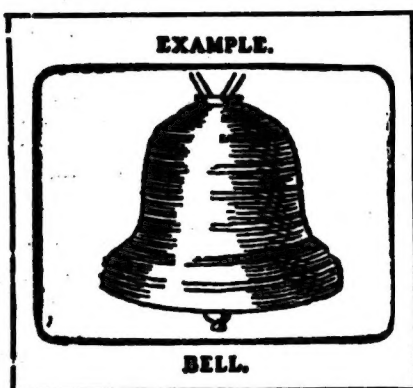
One Cash Gift of £25.

One Cash Gift of £15.

One Cash Gift of £10.

10 Cash Gifts of £5 each.

500 Cash Gifts of £1 each.



Conditions.

1. The surname must be clearly written under each picture in ink. (Use a fine pen.)
 2. Only one surname is allowed under each picture.
 3. No alterations are allowed in the surnames. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out, and write it again.
 4. As you fill up each weekly set of pictures, cut it out and keep it by you until you are told how and when to send it in.
 5. Members of the same family may forward as many complete series of the pictures as they like. Each complete series will be accepted independently, and the sets composing it must be fastened together at the top left-hand corner. Proof of posting packets containing solutions to the pictures will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
 6. The surname with the greatest number of letters, made up of the name or names (or words which have the same sound) of the object or objects depicted in each picture, is the correct solution, but if there are two or more of such surnames depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, each will be counted correct.
 7. No competitor may obtain the assistance of professional competition solvers, who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition may do so only on this understanding. The prize will not be paid to anyone who we find has violated this condition.
 8. In the unlikely event of a tie, further pictures will be submitted to the tying competitors until one wins the first prize outright.
 9. The first prize—that is, £500 a year for Life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge such monthly payment, and his receipt also will be recognised.
 10. All the surnames depicted in the sketches will be found printed in a list of surnames which we have compiled, and which will be sent free on receipt of a stamped, addressed wrapper. Apply to Room 7, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.O. Only surnames which appear in this list will be admitted.
 11. You must sign your name and address in the space provided at the foot of this page.
 12. The Editor's decision in all matters connected with this competition is final and conclusive, and competitors who enter must agree to abide by all these conditions.
- No inquiries regarding the competition can be answered either personally or through the post.

Below you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain object or objects which, either singly or collectively, represent a surname.

What you have to do is to find the longest surname made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown, which will make the matter clear.

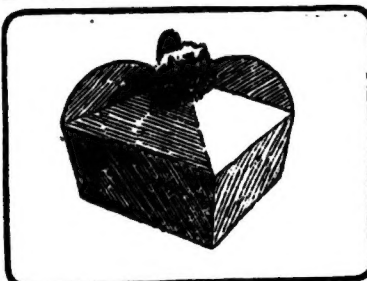
You have now to examine the pictures below, and discover the surname which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the names down in the spaces provided. Then fill in your name and address, cut across the page at the place marked, and keep this set of pictures by you until all the subsequent sets have appeared.

The prize of £500 a Year for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY actually receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions printed below.

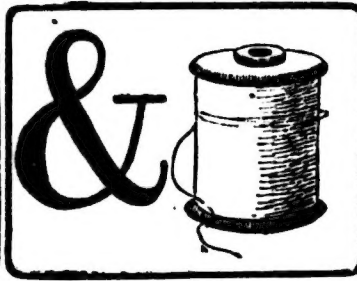
A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: One Cash Gift of £250; One Cash Gift of £100; One Cash Gift of £50; One Cash Gift of £25; One Cash Gift of £15; One Cash Gift of £10; 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each; and 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each. No competitor will receive more than one gift.

CUT ACROSS HERE.

SIXTH SET.



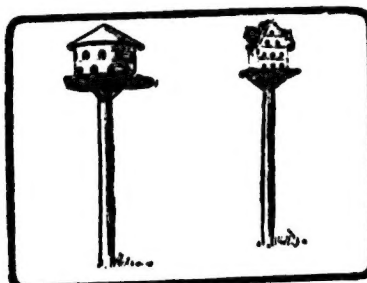
31.....



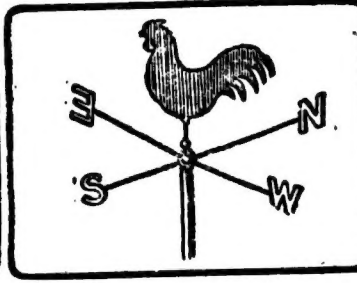
32.....



33.....



34.....



35.....



36.....

Another Set of Pictures will Appear Next Week.

Name.....

Address.....

[Dec. 13, 1906.]

The Great Tobacco Swindle



By H. Hunter.

A Clever Story of
South America.

"There it is!"

He pointed through
a cleft in the hills,
and, leaping from

his mule, went down upon his knees in the road. On the plain below, its mud-built walls gleaming white under a cloudless sky, lay the city.

Before sunset we were riding in through the north gate. Grass was growing in the streets. The Zocalo was deserted. The Plaza was empty. In the Paseo, where beauty and fashion were wont to gather, as the fiery sun retired behind the rocky ridges to the west, silence contended with solitude for possession.

Lean, lank, cadaverous-looking objects hung listlessly about the corners or lounged against the pillars in front of the town hall.

The churches and public buildings wore a decayed and neglected appearance. Bullet-marks were visible upon most of them.

The uniformed man and the canine mongrel divided the honours of the principal thoroughfares between them. Wearers of the petticoat were as scarce as roses in December.

Since Don Miguel Fernandez left the city, ten months before, a good deal had happened.

There had been a revolutionary war, and in the perpetual gamble for power and pelf which goes on without intermission south of the Rio del Norte, Lopez de Castillo had won the last throw.

In a fortnight Lopez was to make his triumphal entry. Less than twelve months ago, the city had shut its gates upon him with every indignity. To-morrow would see preparations begun to welcome his return.

I was a long way ahead of time—too far ahead, indeed, to be able to judge how the business which had brought me from the coast town was likely to pan out. My firm in England wanted the tobacco that this revolution-stricken country possessed. So did other companies.

I held the lead now, but when Lopez arrived I might have rivals in the field. I'd rather have heard that Lopez was arriving next week than the week after.

Perhaps the magnitude of the operation had shaken my nerves a little.

Three quarters of a million is a big sum to most people; and that was the figure at which my information had put the value of the interest involved. It was half a million in excess of the sum which appeared in the letter of instructions sent out from Europe.

The difference was enormous; but to a man who held the key it was not irreconcilable. Don Miguel Fernandez provided the key.

The Don and I had met on the road by chance. Aware that I could be useful to him, Miguel had kindly explained how he could be useful to me. On comparing them, our views coincided with mathematical accuracy.

Tobacco was a Government monopoly, and Miguel Fernandez had been a Cabinet Minister. He had controlled the interior, which included agriculture, finance, and the customs.

The Government warehouses only contained a small proportion of the tobacco actually in the country. Fernandez had been accumulating stocks for three seasons in some private storehouses of his own. They were filled to the roof with the precious leaf. No wonder that he hailed my appearance with delight. He knew who were my principals.

Now that Lopez Castillo's turn had come round again, the leaf in the storehouses would be available; or, if difficulties arose at the Presidio, there was always a chance to run a cargo. Of course, the pickings by the way would diminish the profits, and the freight would suffer from hasty handling; but, after the worst had happened, the surplus money would amount to a good sum.

Before enforced inaction had sickened o'er the native hue of resolution, I had amused myself with speculating on the amount of the bribe which this unexpected accession of good fortune would be likely to carry. The larger the stake the bigger the reward. To convert a \$250,000 deal into one of \$750,000, however you looked at it, could hardly be considered merely an incident in the ordinary way of business.

But, if I'd started in high feather, a week's waiting at the capital had taken a lot of the starch out of me. The glorious uncertainty of the future was making me feel rather limp.

With the advent of the tenth day, however, my spirits began to rise. Before evening they had recovered all their old verve and elasticity.

The streets were putting on quite a festive appearance. Triumphal arches were rising in a dozen places. The theatre was open. An opera company had arrived. Pretty faces and smart mantillas were seen in the Paseo. The capital was filling up. But nowhere in the growing crowd did I spot a form which raised a doubt, or a figure which announced a rival.

I had arranged with Miguel the price per pound which was to be offered for the Government stocks. He had agreed to back the offer, and to include in the arrangement the leaf held in his own holding. That the Government would be in straits for funds was a moral. Nine months of intestine strife had beggared the country. Hard money had disappeared. Business was ruined—credit dead. Lopez would be certain to jump at the first firm offer made

by a sound man—and I was the only man ready to offer. There wasn't a flaw in the logic.

When I sat down to dinner that night in the hotel I felt myself at peace with all the world.

My right-hand neighbour was a very pretty Creole. You must excuse me attempting to describe her. I should fail. But her eyes, which were large and lustrous, were, I think, the finest as they were certainly the most dangerous that ever turned themselves upon a poor defenceless man.

When she fixed them on you, they burnt. They reduced you to a human cinder—to a state in which you felt utterly impotent and helpless, and more ready to forgive the weakness of Father Adam in listening to the whisperings of Mother Eve than perhaps ever in your life before.

Her husband, I gathered, was British-born, but settled in Jamaica. He commanded a brig that traded between the West Indies and the United States. It was he who had smuggled Lopez out of the country after his flight to the coast on his expulsion from the capital. Lopez had promised to remember him "when he got back."

Well, he was coming back now; but there would be plenty holding out the hand, and the worthy captain, who had gone up to Baltimore, might likely be forgotten in the crowd, unless somebody was by to nudge Lopez on the elbow.

"Then, I presume, señora, that you are here in the capacity of ambassador from the captain?" I managed to observe.

Very prettily she admitted that I had correctly described the purport of her presence; whereupon, I hastened to assure her that in that case success was as certain as her beauty was enchanting, since the man wasn't living who could refuse her a favour.

Next day accident brought me again into close proximity to the beautiful Creole. She did me the honour, "as fellow-countryman of *el capitán*," to ask my opinion on the subject of the "appreciation" of the captain's services.

She didn't understand business herself—a thing I could very well believe; to associate such a dream of beauty with the vulgar details of profit and loss seemed a sort of sacrilege—and had undertaken the long journey from Kingston on the impulse of the moment.

It was for the captain's sake. Lopez had been proclaimed President, and she didn't want her husband to be left out when the rewards were being handed round.

The eventful day—the day on which President Castillo was to re-enter the capital—was now less than forty-eight hours off. No other "house" likely to offer for the Government tobacco had put in an appearance.

For the fiftieth time I congratulated myself. The harvest was ready for the sickle. I wondered why no professional rival had come up. Perhaps the big pots who pulled the strings thought it an error in tactics to show too much eagerness. Perhaps it was.

Thinking over this new view of the situation, an idea struck me. I had heard a good many stories of Castillo's susceptibility to bright eyes and feminine influence. Why not enlist the services of the señora? If anybody could secure the contract for their nominee, it was she. A woman like Yasabel was worth a score of Don Miguel when it came to a question of persuading de Castillo.

When I saw the lady next day I explained that I had been considering the matter of the captain, and thought that I could put her in the way of obtaining a very handsome recognition of his services, if she would consent to follow my advice. She murmured her thanks.

As I unfolded the plan she became deeply interested. She displayed a charming confusion over the technicalities of the business—shaking her pretty head despairingly, opening her wonderful eyes artlessly, and smiling sweetly, but with a vague bewilderment, as I spoke of contracts and concessions, and so on.

She would leave it all to me, she said. Was I not a countryman of her husband's, which, by her delightful way of reasoning, was only one remove from the captain himself?

So we arranged that she was to ask for the right to dispose of the tobacco contract, which she would assign to me at a price agreed on, as agent for the big European house whose name would appear in the legal instrument.

The thanks which she lavished upon me were overwhelming. The captain would be delighted at her success; but she would tell him it was to the English gentleman he owed everything. There was a good deal more, all of which I set down to her southern birth and Creole blood.

The arrangement suited me every way. If half the stories told of Lopez were true, he would never be able to deny the señora, if only for her beautiful eyes. But when she pleaded on behalf of the man who had carried him into safety—the thing was as good as accomplished. Moreover, it would be a favour that would cost Castillo nothing, while it secured the contract for my people.

The diplomacy of the coup was obvious. With the señora for ally I feared no rival.

To Don Miguel I breathed not a word of the understanding I had come to with the señora. I also enjoined secrecy upon her.

The day before the President made his public entry there were two new arrivals at my hotel—on the day itself there was another. I smiled upon them condescendingly. My position was secure. I could afford to welcome them without a heartache. Before they were twenty-four hours older every man was besieging me for an introduction to the señora. I had warned Yasabel off.

Yasabel, taking her cue from me, simply shrivelled them in the flame of her scorching glances.

It was the last day of the week when I escorted the lady to a notary's and returned to the hotel with the all-important document safe in my possession.

So elated was I with my success that had the "wire" been available, I should at once have cabled home:

"Tobacco contract secured. Arrange for payments to commence first of each month following delivery, beginning—"

As it was, I merely invited the "disappointed" to a champagne supper—to meet the señora, I added mischievously.

They were disconsolate at not finding Yasabel present.

After the removal of the cloth, I made a few remarks suitable to the occasion, and produced the assignment of the contract. There was a lengthening of faces, an elevating of eyebrows, a furtive glancing into neighbours' faces, which provoked me to a smile.

I began to offer my commiseration, when I was interrupted by a laugh. It was faint at first; but as I looked inquiringly from one to another, and read the same expression in every face, it swelled to a roar.

"Done, old man, done!" shouted my right-hand supporter. "What price 'Tobacco Bonds'?" and they laughed again.

"Let me into it," I said between the pauses.

They screamed.

"Let him into it," bubbled the man opposite. "Oh, this is too lovely!"

And they went off again.

I thrust my hands into my pockets, leant back in my chair, and, assuming an appearance of serene indifference, muttered something about a joke and the one who laughs last.

They just held on to their chairs and rolled.

I was beginning to get a bit angry, when my left-hand neighbour managed to stammer:

"We mustn't go back on each other, old man. It's a fair swindle. She's let us all into it; but the story must never get home. It's too rich!"

Explanations followed.

The lessons I had given her had not been wasted upon Yasabel. Having obtained the concession, she had gone to each man in turn, and made with him the same bargain she had made with me. Amongst us she had netted a nice little sum.

To stop payment was impossible. The "wire" didn't run, and any banker would cash a properly-filled-up agent's order on the home house. Their name was good enough. For sake of the few hundred we had each contributed to the señora's purse, it would be bad policy to shake local confidence in accepting our paper. Besides, there was the exposure involved in an explanation. We decided to cut the loss and divide the contract.

The epilogue remains to be told.

After shipping my fourth share of the Government stock, I produced the card I had up my sleeve, and quietly started on Don Miguel's storehouses.

The laugh then was with me; but it was neither so long nor so loud as I anticipated.

Before we were half through, Lopez returned from a tour he was making through the western division of the Republic, and the fair Yasabel returned with him. He had picked her up somewhere on the way.

Finding me still in the country, she felt interested in my pursuits. It was not long before I received an "invitation" to the capital. Don Miguel was already there. It was a bad quarter of an hour for the Minister.

But Yasabel was equal to the occasion. With womanly tact she showed us a way out of the difficulty. It was the road I had pointed out to her some time before. Lopez would grant her a fresh concession, she would sell it to me, and Miguel and Lopez would divide the profit on the deal between them.

It was very simple. But I was shy. The Don had been paid for nearly half his stuff. Moreover, I didn't know how many more Yasabel was going to "let into it." She might not understand business, but she had a pretty good notion of a swindle.

Besides, I couldn't trust myself within range of those eyes. I'd shipped over the quantity in the original contract, and resolved to clear out.

When Don Miguel heard my resolution, his remarks upon womankind were frequent and free. I didn't contradict him.

Some months later, a West Indian friend, to whom I had been giving a bowdlerised version of the affair, quietly remarked at the finish that Captain Dowie, of the brig *Impetus*, which had carried Lopez to Jamaica, was unmarried, and that from my description of the lady she must be "La Belle Carmen," a "distinguished" member of an "illustrious" family resident at Spanish Town. I didn't ask for her address.

SALESMAN: "Let me show you our latest machines. We have a motor-car now that can climb any hill on earth."

CHAUFFEUR: "That's nothing. The last one you sold me tried to climb a tree."

"Yes, my dear, my mother always trimmed her own hats."

"Is this her photograph?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose that's the reason the photographer took her bareheaded."

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One Play, One Actor.

By R. A. ROBERTS, whose Acting has Delighted Millions of Music-hall Patrons.

I AM not what is termed a quick-change artist, although the requirements of my work necessitate many changes of costume and make-up. I am, in fact, an actor, and the quick-change part of my programme is a means to an end.

The idea of quick-change for vaudeville purposes grew naturally out of my experiences on the legitimate stage, and is now practically indispensable to me, as I play each and every character in my various sketches myself.

When I say that I am not a quick-change artist, I mean that I do not rely upon this part of my programme for success, which is only an auxiliary to the acting. I do, of course, make quick changes, and in my sketch, *Dick Turpin*, I make a complete change of costume and make-up in the space of one and one-tenth seconds. That, of course, is a "lightning-change," and I am willing to admit that I am a quick-change actor!

The story of how I came to take up the idea of the one-man show is as follows: In my early days I was associated with the late Wilson Barrett, and during a vacation I conceived the idea in order to extend my experience, and at the same time augment my exchequer—which in those days was not, alas! too heavy to be easily accommodated—by giving a performance on the lines of George Grossmith.

Whilst engaged at this entertainment I attracted the attention of Maskelyne and Cooke, who engaged me for a term of three years. During that period *Trilby* came to London, and, as is known, set that great city in a turmoil, and I made something of a "hit" by transforming myself into a representation of Du Maurier's famous heroine without leaving the stage.

PRACTICE AND HARD WORK DOES IT.

The success of this device set me thinking, the practical result of which was *Lucinda's Elopement*, a protean sketch which made a big "hit" at the Palace Theatre, and which is by now pretty familiar to vaudeville audiences.

I had the temerity and self-confidence to launch forth on my own account, determined that if there was anything in the business I would stand or fall by it myself.

At the period when I started the business my salary, as I have already intimated, was not a large one, and my expenses as an actor were inconveniently heavy. The fact that I could not afford to purchase "trick dresses" is a clear proof that I did not employ them. Mechanical costumes being beyond me, I practised incessantly with ordinary clothes, and by patience, perseverance, and hard work, I at length successfully accomplished the object I had in view.

As an instance of how much practice is required to acquire dexterity in making the changes, I may mention that it took me nine months, practising three hours a day, to make the change from Jerry Binks to Dick Turpin. This change I now accomplish in three seconds!

PLAYWRIGHT, SCENIC-ARTIST, AND INVENTOR IN ONE.

The smallest details in the changes have taken months of constant hard work to bring to a state of efficiency. For instance, the unfastening of a waistcoat-button claimed my close attention for weeks, until at length I was able to release many of them while speaking two words. The buttoning is done equally quickly, and the same may be said of every small or large item in the changes.

I write my own sketches, compose my own music, draft and help to make my own scenery, plan my own dresses, and invent my own mechanical devices, such as the automata I use in one of my sketches. In fact, I do not rely on any outside help whatever.

I have gone on elaborating the "production" of my quick-change sketches, which are now just as lavish and expensive as any ordinary theatrical production.

As an illustration of this growth I may mention that years ago my scenery and properties would comfortably go into a guard's van, and the only other member of my "company" who travelled with me was—my wife! I now have a company of ten, and it takes two large trucks to remove my "effects." For *Dick Turpin*, which plays about thirty-five minutes, I carry nearly three tons of scenery and properties.

It may interest readers to know that the scene represented in the sketch is an exact replica in every detail of the upstairs room at the "Spaniards," in which Dick Turpin spent the night prior to making his famous ride to York. All the stage furniture, properties, and so on used in the sketch are real, not stage imitations. It may also be worth recording that I wrote *Dick Turpin* in the "Spaniards" garden.

I have studied the character and life-history of the renowned robber of the past, and an old print of him I came across reveals the curious fact that I bear a striking facial resemblance to the highway-

man! I have not considered whether I regard this as flattering or not. The pistol I use in the scene is reputed to be one that was used by Dick himself.

There are plenty of people who know all about how my show is worked; in fact, they know a great deal more than I do myself about it. "Explanations" of an illuminating character have from time to time been furnished of my method of working. At one time I am supposed to be assisted by a large army of people behind the scenes. I am also supposed to have a double who assists me.

All this pays too much homage to my acrobatic and inventive powers, and rather unjustly underestimates my capacity for hard work, agility, and histrionic capabilities. I can assure my readers that the only assistant I have in the work of effecting my changes is Mrs. Roberts, and she deserves honourable mention for deftness and agility. She is a real live "hand," all the other "hands" are mechanical, where they are not imaginative.

I have, of course, assistants to work the various stage effects, the galloping horse, the rumble of the coach, and so forth, but they have nothing to do with my personal changes. It should also be borne in mind that I do not make my various changes always with impunity, for bruises, scratches, displaced skin, and sundry other little injuries are sometimes attendant upon my efforts.

WHAT NIMBLE FINGERS CAN DO.

Nor are the changes always accomplished entirely behind the scenes, and in this respect it is really wonderful what nimble human fingers can contrive to do unperceived.

As an example of the hard work and length of time entailed in the writing and complete production of these protean sketches, I may mention with reference to the latest—*Ring the Changes*, which I produce at the Palace Theatre at Christmas—that it was written two years ago, and has since been re-written four times, until every passage not of the most appropriate character has been eliminated.

After the writing is complete, the scenery and dresses have to be planned, and the changes rehearsed several hours daily for many months, until perfection is attained.

With reference to the time taken in the changes, the longest in *Dick Turpin* is when I leap out of a window eighteen feet high behind the scenes, and is done in four seconds. The shortest is done in one and one-tenth seconds.

Altogether in this sketch I make ten changes in an aggregate of time of twenty-seven seconds, or an average of two and seven-tenths seconds per change.

R. A. Roberts

"What a miserable life Brown lives. It's a veritable dog's existence."

"How do you make that out?"

"His wife is for ever calling him pet names!"

Mrs. Rose: "Did your husband ever have more than one love affair?"

Mrs. Pose: "Oh, only one, I believe."

Mrs. Rose: "And that was when he fell in love with you?"

Mrs. Pose: "Oh, dear, no. He had fallen in love with himself long before he had met me."

The bachelor author was dictating a chapter of his new novel to his typewriter, who was a spinster, either from choice or because she hadn't been chosen.

"I love you more than words can tell," he said, "and can never love another. Will you be mine?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Booker," said the fair party at the key-thumping board, "but are you still dictating?"

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WHEN THE PEERS HAVE BEEN PARALYSED.

Their Noble Lordships have not Always had Everything their Own Way.

RECENT events in Parliament have given rise, in the minds of some people, to the idea that the House of Lords can do pretty well what it pleases. This, however, is a mistake. On several notable occasions their noble lordships have been paralysed, and have got very much the worst of it in stormy arguments with the gentlemen of the House of Commons.

The first occasion on which this happened was when the peers ventured to differ with the Long Parliament, which was at the time engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Charles I. The Commons, on this occasion, wasted no valuable time in talking, but promptly abolished the Lords altogether, and turned them, archbishops, dukes, belted earls, and all the rest of the gorgeous coroneted crowd, into the street. The Gilded Chamber was vacant.

For half-a-dozen years or so the country got on without any House of Lords.

All the checks the House of Lords have received have not been of such a drastic nature as this, of course.

Various Ministries, finding that the peers were unwilling to pass their proposed Bills, have resorted to the threat to create enough new peers to swamp the House of Lords. These new peers would, of course, have been pledged beforehand to vote for the Ministry creating them.

In 1711 the Prime Minister of the day, the daring and unscrupulous Viscount Bolingbroke, was anxious to terminate the desolating and ruinous war with France, which had been raging, on and off, for twenty years.

CREATE A WHOLE ARMY OF NEW PEERS.

To effect this purpose he had drawn up the Treaty of Utrecht. It was necessary at that time that Lords and Commons should agree to a treaty before it would become valid. The Commons assented to the treaty; but the Lords declared that they would have none of it, and that the war must go on. Whereupon, Bolingbroke coolly but firmly informed them that, rather than see himself defied by them, he would create a whole army of new peers to vote for the treaty.

The story goes that he had a regiment of the Life Guards paraded under the windows of the House of Lords, and threatened to make every trooper into a noble lord if driven to it. He did make twelve new peers, and then the Lords gave in.

The Liberal Government of 1832, with Earl Grey as Prime Minister, used the same threat. They wished to pass the first Reform Bill. The Lords hated this Bill bitterly.

Until then they had been practically an oligarchy, with all the real power in their hands. The franchise had been so limited that only rich men, and generally only the nominee of some great nobleman, could get into Parliament.

The Reform Bill altered that. It gave the smaller men a chance. The Lords expressed their deliberate intention of wrecking the Bill.

Earl Grey retorted by extorting from King William IV.—who didn't like Reform Bills, but dared not oppose the wish of the nation, for fear of a revolution—permission to call up to the House of Lords as many new peers as should be necessary to carry his Bill.

WHEN MONEY BOUGHT PROMOTION.

The mere threat was enough for the Lords. They had no wish to see their order made cheap and ridiculous, as would have been the case had peers become as plentiful as blackberries.

It used to be the custom in the British Army for all officers' commissions to be purchased. That is, an officer, instead of getting into the Army by means of a competitive examination, and rising by merit, came straight from school, without knowing anything of the new duties he was about to assume, and had a commission bought for him. After that, instead of being promoted as a reward for his services, he used to buy each promotion.

If he had no money his chances of being promoted were about a thousand to one. The result was that officers who had grown grey in the service, and fought in many battles, remained subordinates all their lives, while the sons of wealthy families, who had not seen a quarter of their service, jumped over their heads by having their way purchased up for them to be colonels and generals.

Mr. Gladstone decided to do away with this purchase system. The Lords did not wish it to be abolished. Consequently, when Mr. Gladstone introduced a Bill to abolish purchase in the Army, the House of Lords was not disposed to give it a kind reception.

They threw out the Bill, and imagined that they had won a glorious victory. But Mr. Gladstone found that Queen Victoria had the power to abolish purchase in the Army by her own act, if she pleased. He induced the Queen to do this by means of a Royal Warrant.

And the House of Lords could no more interfere with a Royal Warrant than they could knock the dome off St. Paul's by throwing their coronets at it.

You can even to-day enter the \$500 a Year for Life Competition. You will find how to do so on the first page.

SIGNALLING BY THE TAIL.

THE reason why a dog shows pleasure by wagging his tail can be traced to the days when the first dogs hunted. In the case of all hunting dogs, such as foxhounds or wolves, which pack together, the tail is carried aloft and is very free in movement. It is frequently rendered more conspicuous by the tip being white, and this is almost invariably the case when the hounds are of mixed colour.

When ranging the long grass of the prairie or jungle the raised tips of the tail would often be all that an individual member of the band would see of its fellows. There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert.

If a faint drag is detected, suggestive of the presence of the fox, but scarcely sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the finder is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others, seeing the signal, instantly join the first, and there is an assemblage of waving tails before even the least whimper is heard.

Should the drag prove a doubtful one the hounds separate again, and the waving ceases. But if it grows stronger when followed up, the wagging becomes more and more emphatic, until one after another the hounds begin to whine and give tongue, and stream off in Indian file along the line of scent. When the pack is in full cry upon a strong scent the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view.

The moment when the dog most enjoys life is the moment when he sights game. That moment is the time when he wags his tail most vigorously in order to announce his discovery to his fellow-dogs.

THERE are 13,000 distinct varieties of postage-stamps.

BAD luck gets the blame for a lot of poor judgment.

WE buy from India 2½ million porcupine quills a year, the quills from a single porcupine being worth 10s.

KILLING BY POST.

To use the machinery of the Post Office as a means of committing murder is happily not of common occurrence. Still, as all criminologists know, such cases do occur from time to time.

The latest instance appears, at the moment of writing, to have happened the other day at Cumnock, Ayrshire. A mysterious parcel, bearing the Kilmarnock postmark, was received at the house of Mr. Woodside, a retired farmer. It proved to contain shortbread. Five persons in all tasted the cake, all of whom were taken violently ill, one dying.

The first case of the kind on record occurred in 1852, when a girl named Emily Standish was killed by poisoned sweets. The sender was never traced. In 1899 a Bloomsbury servant girl, named Mary Ann Ansell, sent her sister, who was confined in a lunatic asylum, a cake impregnated with rat poison. She ate it and died, and Mary was hanged. Her object was to obtain a few pounds insurance money, which she had designed to spend upon her wedding trousseau.

A few years back, again, a man named Molineux, son of an American millionaire, tried to poison another prominent society man by sending him through the post a bottle of cyanide of mercury. It miscarried, and another person than the one intended met an agonising death.

An even more sensational case was that in which a San Francisco woman named Botkin killed a New York girl named Lulu Deane, by sending her across the continent chocolate creams containing arsenic.

Occasionally, small infernal machines have been sent through the post to selected victims. One such killed a man named Richards at Broadstairs in 1893; while Madame Leonie Vinol, the well-known Parisian actress, barely escaped with her life from the bite of a poisonous snake, which a jealous rival had posted to her inclosed in a jewel-case.

GOLD pens were first made in 1840. Their sale to-day is a million and a half a year.

THE long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for six inches at their tips—a jealously-guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES.

HE was a stingy old fellow enough in all conscience; but the time had at last arrived when he could no longer withstand the demands of the ground landlords of his little cobbler's shop, and he simply had to have his premises painted. The bill for this was to his thinking extortionate enough; but the expense of having his name and trade painted was worse.

"Look here," he said to the signwriter, "your estimates are altogether too much; can't you do it for less?"

"No," said the artist, briefly.

The old man was concerned; but he still had a wriggle left.

"Very well," he said, "reckon if there's only half the work, there'll only be half to pay. Paint it like this:

E
SHO—
P

NOT CARRYING.

HE was employed by a city firm of dealers in bric-à-brac and old furniture to scour rural districts in search of antiques, and suddenly he espied an old-fashioned cottage nestling at the foot of a hill.

Surely here, in this old-world spot, there would be something in his line. He knocked sharply at the door, and a weary-looking woman answered:

"Do you happen to have any antique furniture, madam?" he inquired, "or any old ornaments, such as heathen idols, or such-like things?"

The woman looked puzzled for the moment.

"I think I've got one," she said at length.

Agog with expectation, he followed her into the house and to a room where lay a hulking fellow who was fast asleep on a couch.

"There it is," she replied, pointing to the couch.

"He's the only idle thing I've got in the place—hasn't done any work for years, he may do for you; but he's certainly no ornament."

TAILOR: "When will you pay me that bill?"

Smithkins: "Upon my soul, old chap, you remind me of my little nephew."

Taylor: "I do? Why?"

Smithkins: "Because you ask questions that for the life of me I can't answer."

HE BLUNDERED THEN.

THE case looked rather against Mr. Sands the grocer—he had been charged with selling as coffee a mixture which contained 75 per cent. of chicory—until he gave his explanation. Then, indeed, it seemed that the clouds would roll away.

"It was due to a mistake on the part of my apprentice," he said. "The stock of coffee and chicory is kept in tins which look somewhat similar. In making-up, my apprentice mistook the tins, and instead of taking three parts of coffee to one of chicory he did the reverse."

In due course the apprentice was called, and he corroborated the evidence of his employer.

"Do you often make this blunder?" he was asked.

"I have never made it since the inspector called."

"But did you ever make such a blunder before?"

"Well," was the hesitating reply, "I—er—didn't know it was a blunder before."

FORTUNE TELLER: "I see by your hand you'll die when you're twenty-seven."

Willie: "But, my dear woman, I'm twenty-nine now."

Fortune Teller: "Why, my good man, you should have been dead two years. You're living under false pretences!"

WHAT HE HEARD.

HE was a new customer from the country, and he had given a fairly large order. The courteous old senior partner was conducting him over the establishment, and the various improvements caused Mr. Giles boundless astonishment.

A table telephone interested him as much as anything. He had never seen anything of the sort before.

"It is a great convenience to us," explained the senior partner; "you see, I can communicate with all our departments without moving from my seat here."

"My, that's wonderful!" said Giles. "Can I try it for myself?"

"Certainly."

The visitor got himself switched on to the packing department.

"Have Mr. Giles of Mudbury's goods been sent off yet?" he inquired.

Back came the answer.

"No; we haven't packed 'em yet. We're waiting for a telegram from his town; he looks like a slippery customer."

"WHAT did your son say when you reproved him for annoying the neighbours?"

"He said that the rebuke was a just one," said the melancholy man, "but that the disregard of grammar with which it was administered was greatly to be deplored."

BAD FOR TRADE.

A MAN with an armful of handbills went into Mr. Outeman's restaurant and asked permission to hang one of the bills on the wall.

"What are they about?" asked Outeman.

"Circulars advertising a cheap railway excursion."

"I see, a man goes away for a week or ten days and he finds it cheaper than staying at home?" asked Outeman.

"That's it. You've got it."

"Got what?"

"The idea."

"Then my customers will read those circulars?"

"That's right."

"And they'll go away for ten days or a fortnight?"

"Yes."

"They won't eat dinners here while they are away?"

"Well, they could hardly do that, you know," said the handbill man, hesitatingly.

"That's what I think myself. I guess I won't have any of those bills hung in my restaurant. Good-day, my friend."

WHEN ONE PLANK JOINED JERSEY TO FRANCE.

THERE was a time when a reverend bishop always walked from France to Jersey on a plank.

This sounds somewhat like a modern Bloudin performance, and one could imagine the crowd that would assemble to witness such a feat. In reality it was an event of common occurrence during the sixth century.

Existing documents relative to the monastery of Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, reveal the fact that the island was separated from the French district of Coutances by a narrow stream only, and that the stream was bridged by a single plank.

The inhabitants of Jersey were compelled to keep this plank in good repair, for it was used by the bishop of the diocese when he made his periodical visits to that portion of his flock, and the worthy prelate desired to make the crossing in safety. In the year 709, and again in the year 824, there were seismic disturbances, called by ancient writers "cataclysms," which submerged towns and forests on the French coast, thus widening the stretch of water and making the separation of Jersey more complete.

ASPARAGUS is the oldest plant used for food.

WORN-OUT billiard balls are used for making dice.

THE largest winged insect in the world is the Atlas moth of Central Brazil. Its wings extend fourteen inches from tip to tip.

BOOMING BOOKS BY MURDER.

A NEW ZEALANDER named Charles Leitch wrote a book dealing with "vital issues affecting human welfare." He failed to find a publisher, either in Europe or America; so a week or two back he climbed to the summit of Mount Rangitoto, and there committed suicide. In a letter addressed to the coroner, Leitch stated that he was going to take his own life in order to call attention to his work.

For an exactly similar reason, it will be remembered, a young London authoress committed suicide a few months back; while at Wellington last year a man named Lionel Terry deliberately shot and killed an inoffensive Chinaman, in order to draw public attention to his book on the perils of alien immigration.

This latter method of booming a book would seem to have been invented by the French anarchist, Leauthier, who composed a long rignarole explaining and glorifying his peculiar political creed, and then went out into the streets, carrying his manuscript in one hand and a knife in the other. He plunged his weapon into the breast of the first well-dressed person he met, the unlucky individual chancing to be the Servian minister.

The French Government, however, suppressed his precious book, so that he attained merely a personal notoriety by his act.

Later on, however, Emil Henry, who threw a bomb into a café amongst a crowd of innocent diners, succeeded in booming by this means a posthumous volume of essays he had written, and in which he advocated the wholesale uprooting of all organised society.

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Red Cheese for Essex.

How Districts Differ in Their Food and Drink.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that Devonshire cream can only be made in Devonshire. Wherever pasturage is good and the milk fairly rich this delicacy is easily prepared. The odd point is that all Devonshire is so devoted to Devonshire cream. You can hardly buy fresh or—as they call it—raw cream. All has been made into the thick, cooked stuff.

True, Devonshire cream is a great delicacy. Yet it is certainly not so digestible as fresh cream, and it is a food of which a stranger from another county soon tires. Yet, as we have said, it is universal in Devonshire, and is served with everything from fruit tart to fried trout.

Over the border, in Cornwall, the Cornish people show a like devotion to the pastry. A pastry is made of pretty nearly everything—chicken, duck, pilchards, apples, potatoes, or a mixture of several different ingredients, but the one thing common to all pasties is the pastry. Quite why Cornwall is so devoted to pastry is as much a mystery as why both Cornwall and Devon also should exhibit such a liking for saffron.

Even in a big town like Plymouth, it is difficult to purchase a plain dough cake or a bun which is not simply yellow with saffron; in smaller places practically all cakes are flavoured with it. People from other parts of England usually dislike saffron, but nothing can shake the Southerner's devotion to his jaundice-hued confectionery.

Whether it has anything to do with climate or

is merely custom, it is an undoubted fact that different parts of the country have quite different tastes, and manufacturers and dealers in common commodities have to pay very special attention to these idiosyncrasies. Take cheese, for example. A cheese which would sell steadily in Worcester would be unsaleable at Sheffield, and one which is in steady demand in Lancashire would be a drug on the market in Wiltshire.

With regard to cheese, colour is the main essential. Your Essex farm labourer demands a brick red cheese. Lancashire prefers an almost dead white product, while along the Border a rich golden-hued cheese sells best. The Canadian manufacturers know this well enough, and colour their cheese to the orders of the various importers.

Bacon, again. There are many different methods of curing bacon, and those of Bristol, of Wiltshire, and of Yorkshire, are very varied. The South West of England, taking it as a whole, prefers the mild Bristol or Somerset bacon; the Midlands like a more richly tasting and leaner meat, while the North prefers the real streaky sugar-cured.

Almost every city of any importance in the kingdom has its own particular blend of tea. But in this case the reason for such differences in taste is clear enough. It depends on the water supply.

A couple of years ago, Birmingham got its splendid supply of soft water from the Welsh Hills. Within three months from that date the tastes of

the local public with regard to tea were simply revolutionised. The old coarse, black tea dropped out of favour completely; a far milder quality was demanded.

At present London drinks about the coarsest tea of any great city. This is because its water is impregnated with carbonate of lime, or, in other words, is hard. Wholesale dealers have to exercise the greatest care and skill in blending teas for different localities, and it is a usual practice for them to obtain samples of drinking water from each different town for the purpose of testing blends.

The popular taste in beer and cider and spirits varies equally. In Norfolk they like a medium cider; in Herefordshire, though some of the finest cider in the world is made in Hereford itself, the popular taste favours a hard cider; in Devon a distinctly sweet cider is the favourite.

The Midlands have not lost their taste for so-called home brewed beer, a sound and rather bitter drink. In the far North and Scotland they like a dark, powerful beer; in the South a lot of porter and stout is consumed.

Again, in the South gin is a favourite spirit, Plymouth gin being a noted article; further north and east you may still find a number of people who drink rum, while in Scotland whisky is the national drink.

Such peculiarities are endless, as no doubt many P.W. readers have noticed for themselves.

Treat All Your Children Alike.

Don't have a Favourite in your Family.



WE know of a home where there are a few, so far, grown-up daughters. One of the girls is always most beautifully dressed; the others are well attired, but they never by any chance get the expensive and handsome things this one girl has showered upon her by father and mother. And she isn't the prettiest girl either, no, or the nicest—at any rate, so outsiders say; she is supposed to be very cold, priggish, and rather impudent.

But in the home she is supreme, to the disadvantage of her sisters, whom she treats with the greatest disdain. It isn't any use their complaining to the parents, for they won't hear a word said against their favourite.

Those last two words tell the whole story—"their favourite." Yes, she is her father's and mother's pet, the one pet in the family.

What a sad thing it is that parents have such a child in the home; yet, out of a family of, say, six or so, it is strange if one is not held in far greater esteem than all the others.

But the parents are really criminals who pet one child to the exclusion of the others; they do not do their duty either to the pet or the others, for on the one hand they spoil, and on the other they sour—it does make girls sour to see one sister getting all the petting and attention.

The girl I refer to above has been spoiled from her earliest years; why, it would be hard to say, but I have an idea that when you come across a child who is pampered and petted more than all the others, then that child is the 'cutest and most cunning of

the lot, and has been able to so manoeuvre, from earliest years, that in the end she attains to the comfortable position of practically being the head of the household.

Is it really such a comfortable position after all? It may be in one sense, but it isn't in another, for she is disliked by her sisters, and brothers too, for they see all the good things passing them and reaching the pet.

Moreover, she may do what they dare not attempt. If she commits a fault, there is no trouble for her—she escapes all sorts of punishment. Therefore, her sisters do not like her. Added to which it must not be forgotten that her sisters and brothers must pay heed to what she says, or orders them to do, otherwise father is informed, and woe is unto the one who has interfered with, or not obeyed the orders of, the favourite.

There is another view, too—the mother of a pet girl takes her to places where she never takes the others—to the theatre, to concert halls, and to nice people's houses.

As a sample of this sort of thing, the girl I refer to above is taken every year, from a Scottish town, to Brighton and Bournemouth—all to give the favourite a fine change—they are well-off people, I should add. Now, her sisters and brothers have to be content with a short stay at a quiet country place with the rest of the family when they go on a holiday.

Of course, you may argue that this is just as good as Brighton and Bournemouth, but you couldn't get her sisters to see the matter in that light.

At Christmas-time, too, the pet of a family circle has a grand time of it, for her mother makes certain that she will be well asked out; besides, she gets hosts of fine presents from outsiders, who, knowing that she is her parents' favourite, are well aware of the fact that bestowing gifts on her is the best way to please these parents.

And at such a season her father and mother lavish gifts upon her, gifts the like of which her sisters never receive. One could go on indefinitely, but what is the good? All the same it is a scandal and a disgrace if one girl is made an idol of in the home and the others are neglected.

Believe me, these other girls never forget it, nor do they ever get over their dislike and contempt for the pet—these last as long as life.

The question may be asked, Why are parents so foolish as to make a pet of one daughter? Why, indeed. Each should be equally dear to them; if not, there is something wrong with these parents to allow themselves to be so dominated by a girl that her sisters go unheeded.

Yet it is common enough, more's the pity, and presumably the disgrace is destined to go on.

It would be well if every parent in Britain made up his or her mind that, granted that a child has been petted, the petting should stop and all in the family should be treated alike. For where there is a favourite in the home, the family circle cannot be a happy one.

A pet undoubtedly stands in the way of a united, loving family circle.



Where Bridge-Playing is Crime.

Some Oddities of Laws About Games.

THE State of Pennsylvania received a severe shock last September. Mrs. J. L. Harsha, one of the smartest society leaders in the town of Beaver Falls, was arrested and fined for bridge-playing. The prosecution was instituted by the mother of a girl who was a guest at Mrs. Harsha's house, and in the evidence it came out that the girl was a loser, though not to any very large extent.

There is hardly a country in the world that has not a whole code of laws with regard to games both indoor and out. In the United States, each State has its own laws. Consequently, while in some Western States no one will interfere with you if you run a gambling saloon; in others, such as Alabama, a policeman who sees through a window two people playing nap for cents (halfpence) can enter a private house and arrest them.

We are much better off here, in the United Kingdom. The only games of cards which are illegal by Statute are ace of hearts, bassett, hazard, faro, passage, and roly-poly.

As probably not one in a hundred of P.W. readers have ever indulged in these weirdly-named pastimes, the legal restriction is not likely to worry them greatly. You may play cards in your own house or your club without becoming a law-breaker, and you may also make a bet in your house or on the race-course. All the law says is that you mustn't frequent a gaming house, nor make bets at the bar of a public-house or in the streets.

Another oddity of our gaming laws is that you

cannot be pulled up for gambling in a train in motion, except the company have a special by-law to that effect. The original act forbids gambling "in a particular place," but apparently a train in motion does not come under this heading.

There is probably no place in the world where the laws against gambling are so severe as they were in Manchuria during Russian occupation. All persons playing cards, whether ostensibly for money or not, were liable to arrest, and if convicted to receive one hundred lashes and to wear around the neck for a month the heavy metal collar which is riveted on recalcitrant convicts.

Not so many years ago there were kursaals of the Monte Carlo type all over Europe, and especially at Homburg and other German health resorts. Now they are all swept away. Even Ostend has lost its reputation—that it was the nearest point to England where public gaming was possible.

Games not infrequently come into court. Not long ago a whole skittle apparatus was brought before the Middlesex Sessions in order to discover whether players had a fair chance or no.

It was one of those arrangements where a ball at the end of a rope is swung forward so as to catch and knock over a skittle on its return journey. The prosecutor declared that one of the skittle men jerked the uprights of the bar, and so spoilt his aim. The accused denied this, but the Clerk of the Court gave ocular demonstration that the cheat was a perfectly easy one.

Almost every one of our popular games has at one time or another been made illegal. Scotland is the home of golf, yet in 1457 the Scottish Parliament passed an act entailing severe penalties on anyone caught playing the game.

Edward III., Henry IV., and Henry VIII., all strongly objected to football, and Queen Elizabeth made it an offence punishable by imprisonment to play football. There is a record of sixteen people being imprisoned at once for breaking this law.

Even to-day football may be the means of getting a player into trouble. Some little time ago, a boiler fireman of Middlesbrough, who was badly hurt in a so-called "friendly" game, sued a back on the opposite side for "taking a running jump at him and rendering him unconscious." The judge remarked that the accused ought to be thankful he was not there on a charge of manslaughter, and awarded the injured man £20 damages.

Football is still under a ban in some parts of the world. Two of the Swiss cantons refuse to allow it, and in Turkey it is absolutely illegal, and those who dare to play it are punished.

Among oddities of laws about games must be mentioned a French decree of the thirteenth century. By the King's command, the gallants of the court were forbidden to play tennis "in their shirts." Whether His Majesty of France insisted upon coats only, or whether the unfortunate players were doomed to practice in complete suits of armour, does not appear.

You can even to-day enter the £500 a Year for Life Competition. You will find how to do so on the first page.

Picked Pars.

Costly War.

The cost to Russia of the war with Japan amounted to £187,000,000.

Gravestone as a Barometer.

A gravestone in an Essex churchyard shows strange moist spots on the approach of rainy weather. The rector states that it never fails in its forecasts, and he consults it daily.

A Lucky Find.

A labourer who was clearing away some rubbish from an old outhouse near Salisbury found seven old spoons, each of which was stuck on end in the earth. They are of silver and gilt, are dated 1629, and have been valued at £50 each.

His Ruling Passion.

The request of an old pigeon fancier named Heap that a homing pigeon should be killed and placed in his coffin was carried out recently at his burial at Rochdale. Heap had been a pigeon flier for nearly seventy years, and had walked thousands of miles in pursuit of his hobby.

The Kaiser's Favourite Pipe.

The Emperor William possesses a favourite pipe, which is a masterpiece of carving, even in Germany, where pipes are so wonderfully carved. It represents a grouse standing upright, ready for a fight with another cock, and on the stem is the "W" which shows who its owner is.

Time and Tolls.

The town of Chard, in disposing of its borough tolls, observed the old custom of letting them by the sand-glass. The bidders were allowed one minute in which to make their offers.

Forty Winks in School.

A lady principal of a public school in Pennsylvania has introduced the custom of allowing her pupils ten minutes' sleep during school hours. She declares that it enables them to make better progress in their studies.

Could not Resist the Bells.

A well-dressed young man pleaded guilty at St. Cloud recently to stealing 432 bells. He took them because he could not help it. "Whenever I see or hear a bell," he said, "I always want to possess it. Even as a child I could not resist stealing a bell whenever I was able to, and now it has become a mania with me."

One Peer, One Horseshoe.

A curious custom, which is of great antiquity, still prevails in the town of Oakham, in Rutlandshire. Every peer of the realm passing near the castle is expected to deliver a shoe from the foot of one of his horses, or to pay a fine in default. The fine usually takes the form of an ornamental horseshoe. The total number of shoes at present in possession of the local authorities is three hundred.

Our First Nickel Currency.

The Bombay Mint is busily engaged in preparing samples of a new nickel coin, and so soon as satisfactory specimens are obtained they are to be sent home to the King for his approval, after which they will be placed in general circulation.

Tree that Grows Butter.

In Ashantee and around the woods near Kabba grows a tree, resembling in appearance the English oak, which furnishes excellent butter. This vegetable butter keeps in perfect condition all the year round in spite of the heat, and in its natural condition.

Dramatic Interruption.

The firemen of Barrow-in-Furness had just made a presentation to the ex-mayor, and the whole company were singing the National Anthem, when the fire-bell sounded. Within three minutes officers and men changed their clothes and got out the engine. The fire kept the brigade busy for two hours.

Tobacco Hidden in Bread.

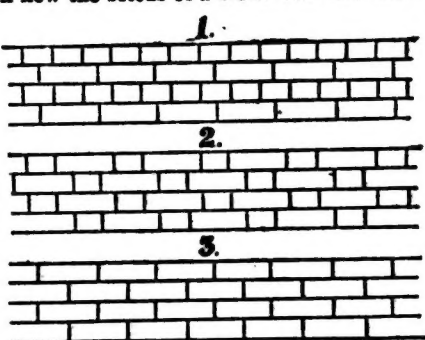
A young woman asked permission at a London police-court recently to send in some refreshment for one of the prisoners prior to his removal to prison. Permission being granted, the young woman handed the gaoler some food, among which was a large piece of bread. The gaoler, on inspection, found embedded in it some tobacco, matches, and a pipe.

Picture Pars.

THE WAY BRICKS ARE LAID.

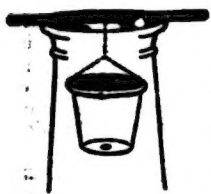
CAN you tell how the bricks of a brick wall are laid?

If you are a town-dweller you perhaps pass a mile or thereabouts of brick walls during the day, yet it is surprising how few people outside the building trade can sketch bricks laid in a proper manner. Fig. 3. is the method most people will show, whereas the bricks are almost invariably laid in the styles depicted in the first two sketches. Make a point of looking at several brick walls and see for yourself.



STOPS THE DOWN DRAUGHT.

WHAT housewife has not been tried by a chimney smoking owing to a down draught? Here is a method by which this nuisance can be prevented. Place an iron bar across the chimney and suspend a flower-pot from it. The pot ought to be hung with strong wire, and should be about six inches from the top. If this suggestion is followed you will not be troubled with smoky chimneys in future, for the draught, instead of blowing right down on to the fire, will rush into the flower pot.



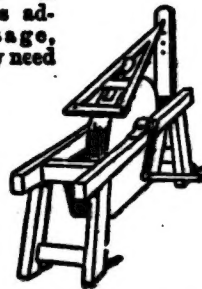
MOORED TO THE POLES.

WHEN a battleship or cruiser is at anchor in a harbour a pole may be seen protruding from each of its sides. The poles are marked A in the picture. The ship's boats are always wanted a lot when port is reached, and they are continually departing and returning to the vessel. Instead of troubling to raise the boat into the davits each time it returns it is moored to one of these poles, and thus a great deal of labour is saved.



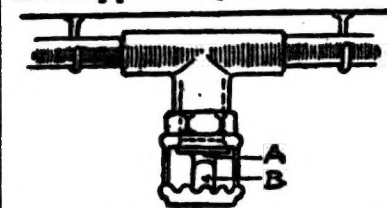
WORKED SINGLE HANDED.

THIS is a handy little contrivance whereby chisels, plane-irons, and such tools can be ground more accurately than by the ordinary method. It possesses this additional advantage, too; one person only need work the grindstone. It consists of a frame fashioned in the manner illustrated. Behind its middle rail is an iron plate. The tool to be ground is inserted between the plate and the rail, and is held in position by tightening the thumb-screws B. Then the pin at A is fixed in one of the holes bored in the upright post, and the operator simply weighs on the base of the frame with one hand and turns the grindstone handle with the other.



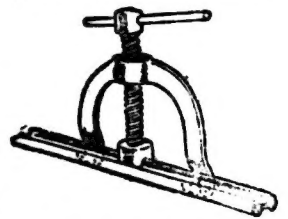
STOPS A FIRE.

THE illustration shows an ingenious mechanical fire-extinguisher which is being installed in a great many buildings. Ranges of small iron pipes are fixed along the top of the rooms and the extinguishers are screwed into the pipes. They consist of a brass case in which a valve (A) is fixed and kept into position by being soldered upright (B). If a fire breaks out the heat melts the solder, which is of a very soft nature, and liberates the water. When the water reaches the bottom part of the casing it is sprayed over a considerable area. Immediately this happens an alarm bell is automatically rung by the action of the water rushing through the mains. Thus it will be seen that this contrivance acts the part of both fire-alarm and extinguisher.



BENDING RAILS.

THE appliance illustrated is used for bending and breaking rails. The rail is placed in the curves at the bottom of the bender; then a bar is put through the top of the screw. The screw is then turned round and as it descends the shaped block at its base presses on the rail and bends it. When the rail has to be broken some incisions are first made upon it with a chisel at the place where the break has to occur; it snaps at this spot when the block presses upon it.



Personal Pars.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

ON the Holly Lodge Estate at Highgate the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has for some years given especial attention to goat keeping and rearing as a source of milk supply available to cottagers or small holders. She has now a considerable herd of well-bred animals. Under good treatment the goats thrive admirably and yield an abundant supply of milk, the cost of production being comparatively small.

Rudyard Kipling.

IT was by an accident that Mr. Kipling got his famous title, "The Light that Failed." He had almost decided to call the novel "The Failure," although he was dissatisfied with this. One evening, as he was sitting in his study reading by lamplight, the light went suddenly down—almost failed in fact. In a second Kipling jumped up, exclaiming excitedly, "By Jove! I've got it!" Pointing to the lamp, he said, "The Light that Failed."

Mr. John Brinsmead.

MR. JOHN BRINSMEAD, the founder of the firm of John Brinsmead and Sons, Limited, and the oldest living pianoforte-manufacturer, who is generally known as "the father of the pianoforte trade," has celebrated his ninety-second birthday. Mr. Brinsmead was born in Devonshire the year before Waterloo, and founded his famous business in the reign of William IV. He has seven children, twenty-two grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren. He attributes his splendid health to his active life and to plenty of fresh air and exercise.

The Emperor Francis Joseph.

ADVANCING age and infirmity have compelled Francis Joseph to abandon his practice of giving daily private audiences to his subjects. He is the only sovereign in Europe who has kept up until now the medieval custom of granting private interviews to rich and poor alike.

The Kaiser.

THE Kaiser's yearly bill for travelling by rail from one part of his empire to another amounts to £100,000. He has special trains and pays the ordinary rates on all railways. He has recently adopted the motor-car, which is a cheaper means of getting about. For all ceremonial visits, however, he still considers it necessary to travel by rail.

The Landgrave of Hesse.

THE Landgrave of Hesse, who has been such a familiar personality in London Society for the last two or three years, will not be over here for some little time, as he is on his way to India. The Landgrave is blind, and devoted to music. He always makes the Berkeley Hotel his headquarters, and gives many charming parties there during his sojourns in London. His castle in Germany is a delightful place to stay at. Every one is made most comfortable. By a curious medieval arrangement all the servants of guests are boarded in the neighbouring village, the castle gates being locked at midnight and reopened early in the morning to allow them to return. The Landgrave is very fond of motoring, and his particular delight is to take his guests for long drives in the beautiful country round the castle and have afternoon tea in the woods.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

The Tsar of Russia.

HIS MAJESTY THE TSAR possesses one of the finest collections of miniature men-of-war and merchant vessels in the world. In all there are about fifty vessels, some of them nine or ten feet long, made of wood and steel, and armoured. He has paid as much as £3,000 each for his models.

Sir Robert Ball.

SIR ROBERT BALL is an Irishman with more than the usual amount of humour. Even when a joke tells against himself he is quick to appreciate it. Not long ago he alighted at a country railway station in Ireland, intent on a lecture, and was surprised to find no vehicle awaiting him. After a time a servant approached and inquired if he were Sir Robert Ball. "Yes," said the genial astronomer. Then the man apologised for the delay. "I was told," he said, "to meet an intellectual-looking gent."

Prince Olaf.

MANY people forget that Prince Olaf is English by birth, having been born at Appleton House, near Sandringham, on July 3, 1903. The little Prince has not forgotten this fact, and is proud of his English birth, as an incident which occurred during his sojourn at Windsor Castle shows. He was wandering through one of the corridors with his nurse when he came across one of the King's footmen in full livery. The man was about 6ft. 3 in. in height, and the Prince was somewhat awestruck by the sight of the giant. "Is he an Englishman?" asked Olaf, and, on being answered in the affirmative, he replied, "Well, I'm an Englishman, too; and shall I be as big as that?"

NATURE SERIES.

The Gamekeeper's
Medicine
Chest.

By "Gamekeeper."

like castor oil, homely and cheap, people think they are of little use.

You may often notice a dog eating grass, and that it makes him sick—his instinct tells him he needs medicine. As a purge and an emetic comprise the primary treatment of distemper—which is really a poison—the keeper collects the roots of couch-grass, boils them, and finds in the decoction a cheap but invaluable emetic for his distemper-smitten dogs.

One keeper who evidently considered the higher its price the better the medicine, is recorded to have charged his employer with half-a-dozen of best brandy, alleged to have been given to his young pheasants to prevent chills during a spell of wet weather!

Should the weather be so hot that pheasant chicks lose their appetite, and look as if they required a tonic—run down, in fact—the keeper gathers a handful of centaury, a modest little plant with rose-pink starry flowers. By boiling it, he obtains a beautifully bitter, appetising drink for his pheasants; and when he feels like them himself, he too takes a course of centaury tonic.

IF PHEASANTS GET THE CRAMP.

In his medicine chest you may see a tin of cayenne pepper. There is a horrible disease called "cramp," which attacks pheasants about three weeks old, producing inflammation of the little birds' thigh-bones.

In a day or two their legs break, when recovery is hopeless. But if cayenne pepper is boiled with their food so soon as the first crampy symptoms appear, the broken-leg stage may be averted.

Again, pheasants often have some difficulty in passing from fluff to feathers, when their treatment is as follows: As much saffron as will lie on a threepenny piece is mixed with the drinking water of each thousand birds.

Chopped onions help pheasants too old for direct treatment to cough up gape-worms, which otherwise may choke them. Another remedy the keeper uses for gapes is to sprinkle his birds' food with a mixture of laudanum and linseed oil.

When the half-grown birds are passing through their first moult, a few crystals of sulphate of iron (green vitriol) are added to their drinking water, which must not be put in metal but in earthenware pans. And, curiously, sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) is a remedy for pheasant ophthalmia—keepers call it blindness, simply.

You take a cube of hard-boiled white of egg, and just tinge it with the blue crystals—a slight overdose is fatal—and give like a pill. Oil of almonds helps to soften the glued eyelids.

A RELIEF AGAINST RHEUMATISM.

In the keeper's chest also you may see a little store of oils and essences. Oil of rhodium-wood he uses to entice pheasants by means of a rhodium-scented corn-trail to the covert where he wants them.

Especially in spring and autumn the keeper mixes a spoonful or two of ground sulphur in the soft food, such as oatmeal, of his dogs. And as feathers are composed largely of sulphur—which a burning feather amply proves—moulting fowls are assisted by similar means.

Owing to the nature of his work, the keeper becomes sooner or later a sufferer from rheumatism. Here is his receipt for "something to rub in": In autumn when hedgehogs have acquired the store of fat which is to carry them through winter, the keeper hunts them up, boils them, and stores the resulting fat in jars.

A much-prized salve for cuts and sores is made by pounding dock leaves with pure, unsalted lard, while the root of the burdock, dried and ground, is supposed to be invaluable for disordered blood.

In acorns the keeper seeks help to quell a rebellious stomach; these he bakes, and grates into a powder as occasion may require.

Nettle 'as acts as a most strengthening tonic; for nettles, like ants, possess formic acid. But for general purposes the keeper, when he can afford it, lays in a stock of sloe-jin, a dose of which he takes, —well, when he feels like it.

THE gamekeeper is staunchly conservative in the medicines he uses, both for his own aches and pains and for the many ailments of his dogs and game.

To begin with, he is a firm believer in the virtues of castor oil for the dog. A timely dose given to a dog that is a bit off colour can do no harm, and may go a long way towards helping it to pull through a possible attack of distemper.

Epsom salts, too, are good for a dog suffering from indigestion. But because salts are,

LAMBS AND SHAKERS.

Some old Nicknames for Football Teams.

ONE of the peculiarities of football is the popularity of the nickname, and many an eleven is far better known to its followers by its sobriquet than by its official and more dignified title.

Take, for example, the South Africans; are they not more widely known as the "Springboks"? And when we speak of the "All-Blacks," do we not bear in mind the reputation and prowess of the great New Zealanders?

The origin of these nicknames can hardly be said to be a mystery, and, as a matter of fact, they are in many cases the creation of the fertile imagination of the expert football reporter, who more than any other penman has an innate horror of monotony in his "copy," and who therefore sprinkles nicknames and sobriquets for the clubs he is writing up over his manuscript.

As a rule, it is easy to see the special circumstance from which the nickname is derived, and it must be admitted that many are not merely quaint and amusing, but delightfully apt.

Our London clubs, for instance. Is it not appropriate that Woolwich Arsenal should be styled the "Gunners," and that "Pensioners" should be applied to Chelsea? "Cottagers" at first sight is more puzzling, until one recalls that Fulham's ground is situated at Craven Cottage.

Equally mysterious is the appellation the "Glaziers," and involuntarily we smile when we discover that it is Crystal Palace who are meant. Again, we would err were we to associate Brentford F.C. with honey-making on hearing them dubbed the "Bees," for inquiry leads to the discovery that this is an adaptation of an old war-cry of some local students.

Continuing to discuss south-country clubs, the "Pilgrims" seems an odd sobriquet at first sight to apply to Plymouth Argyle, but recollection of the historic embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers shows that it is not so inappropriate after all. It is easy to understand why Millwall should be referred to as the "Dockers," but to describe the Norwich City players as "Canaries" seems both passing strange and amusing, until we are reminded of the celebrated Norwich breed of cage-birds.

Turning north, we find Grimsby Town appropriately designated the "Fishermen"; but "Villans" and "Wolves" are harsh epithets to apply respectively to Aston Villa and Wolverhampton.

Sheffield Wednesday are aptly styled the "Blades," and it is easy to recognise Derby County under the sobriquet the "Peakites." Bolton Wanderers, again, are the "Trotters"; Leicester Fosse, the "Ancients"; Notts County, the "Lambs"; and Bury, the "Shakers."

The nicknames of Sunderland and Middlesbrough are exceedingly prosaic compared with these, being "Wearsiders" and "Tees-siders" respectively; Newcastle United, on the other hand, rejoice in a somewhat Latinised sobriquet, being known as the "Novocastrians."

Crossing the Border, we find that Scotland, too, has many pet names for her favourite clubs. Queen's Park, the premier combination of Caledonia, were formerly the "Blazers" and the "Spiders"; but the nicknames most in evidence to-day are "Q. P." and "Good Old Queen's."

Celtic, however, are simply "Celts." Glasgow Rangers, from their club colours, are the "Light Blues," while Partick Thistle are dangerous as the "Jags." As befits a club that originated in a Volunteer regiment, that other famous Glasgow team, Third Lanark, are the "Warriors," and also the "Scarlet Runners."

The "Buddies" is the strange but homely sobriquet of Paisley St. Mirren, the inhabitants of Paisley being known to Scots in general as "decent bodies." Falkirk in like manner are dubbed the "Bairns," for the motto of that burgh reads quaintly, "Better meddle wi' the deil than wi' the bairns o' Falkirk."

But surely the grandest nickname of all is that of the "Honest Men," borne by Ayr F.C.? This sobriquet, as our literary readers will speedily guess, is adapted from the couplet by Scotland's Immortal Bard:

"Auld Ayr wham ne'er a toun surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

Burns may also be said to have fathered "Auld Killie" upon Kilmarnock; while the name of Edinburgh's most noted club, Heart of Midlothian, is obviously derived from the novel of that name. Scott, too, must be held responsible for the "Bonnets," the nickname borne by Dundee, for did he not write "Hey for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee"?

In these examples surely we have ample proof of the popularity of the nickname with the footballer.

XMAS will not be complete without the Double Number of "Pearson's Weekly."

THERE is a sad little sketch by the artist F. W. Reid, which bears these words, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," written underneath it.

The picture represents a charmingly-furnished room, with a softly-shaded lamp on the table; an armchair drawn close to the fire, which throws a warm radiance across the floor. A dressing-gown is slung over the chair-arm, and a pair of soft slippers lie beside it.

Everything is indicative of luxury, peace, and loving consideration for an absent husband's comfort.

But the hands of the grandfather clock point to seven minutes past two, and a young woman, in evening dress, is sitting leaning forward with her head on the table and her arms stretched out in utter weariness across the opened pages of a book.

She is waiting for "her jolly good fellow" to come home!

What a world of meaning there is in that little sketch!

These "jolly good fellows"! How they have been eulogised and excused from time immemorial! Their *bon camaraderie* covers all their other sins, major or minor. They are hail-fellow-well-met with every man, therefore they are forgiven for neglecting wife and family.

They are always ready to perform a trifling favour—toss a penny to a beggar on the street or stand the cab-driver a glass of beer—and therefore their charity excuses their thriftlessness, prodigality, and intemperance! It is truly said that "charity covers a multitude of sins."

THE WIFE KNOWS THE REAL TRUTH.

And, after all, it is not real charity—this, of the shiftless spendthrift. It is a cheap virtue at best, and would never stand much of a strain.

Men clap him on the back, and, raising their wine-glasses, vote him "a jolly good fellow." Women invite him to their houses, and flatter him and pronounce him "a jolly good fellow."

The beggar whines his gratitude, and the cabman touches his hat. Yes, to all the world, save one or two, he may be in very truth "a jolly good fellow."

But to the one or two—to say the one, his wife—the real man is apparent. She it is who sits up for him till long past midnight, who hides his faults, and tries to spare all but herself the unhappy knowledge of his evil habits.

For her life is one perpetual round of deceit and worry and fear. She must pose before her friends and enemies alike as a happy, contented woman, whose husband is a model of all the virtues. She must laugh and talk and lie, while all the time that constant anxiety is gnawing at her heart and breaking her spirit.

For the bitter tears are shed in secret—the burden must be hers alone. Wealth, social position, luxury—all the material pleasures of existence—can never allay her fears, relieve her anxiety, or dry her tears.

"Ah!" as one bright girl once remarked after gazing earnestly at that little picture, with its touching significance, "I hope I may never have 'a jolly good fellow.'"

WHY NOT CHEER THE COMMONPLACE MAN?

There is far too much false sentiment about these "jolly good fellows."

The spendthrift, the ne'er-do-well, the rake—all are made the heroes of fiction, of poetry, of drama. They are praised for their broad-minded, happy-go-lucky charitableness, and loved and forgiven for all the rest. They receive far more attention and admiration than the steady, sensible men who work hard and save their money, and are never toasted at clubs or champagne suppers.

Alike in the novels, the poems, and the plays the rake turns over a new leaf at the winning entreaty and smile of the heroine, and becomes a very proper, although still delightfully cheerful, young husband.

But what of those plain, quiet, industrious, earnest men who have no such halo around their heads? Why is there no admiration for them?

Surely their real virtues appear stronger and finer in comparison with their gay brethren's shibboleth of popular charity. And one thing is certain—they will never have the honour or dishonour to be the subject for the title of this article.

They can be trusted to treat their wives as a gentleman should. For, in spite of the glamour which attaches to the "jolly good fellows," in spite of public and private eulogy and false sentiment, the rake, whether reformed or otherwise, is not, and never can be, a perfect gentleman.

"For He's a
Jolly Good
Fellow"

But Don't Follow His Example.

You can even to-day enter the \$500 a Year for Life Competition. You will find how to do so on the first page.

My Notebook.

Is a Woman's Life as
Valuable as a Man's?

A JUDGE lately laid down the dictum that it was not. A man and woman—husband and wife—were recently killed in the same accident. The children brought an action for negligence and recklessness against those who had caused the accident, and they recovered £500 for the death of the father and £250 for the death of the mother. The judge, in making his award, defended his action by saying that the father was the breadwinner.

From a mercenary, and, perhaps, a legal point of view, the judge may have been right. From a moral and a human point of view he was wrong. You cannot judge a life from its wage-earning capacity. A bricklayer may earn thirty shillings a week, spend the most of it in drink, and thrash his wife and children. His wife may take in washing, earn five shillings a week, and feed, clothe, and educate her child out of it. What are the market values of that man and woman?

When it comes to vocation, that of motherhood stands higher than all the vocations on earth. There is not one great man in ten who will not admit that he owes his moral greatness to his mother.

In London alone there must be tens of thousands of young women who are supporting themselves and keeping their mothers and younger brothers and sisters. A life like that is as valuable as a man's. The value of a man or woman should not be based on opposite mercenary lines, at least not as a whole. This judge should think again. He guessed wrongly last time.

Give the Boy a Chance.

EVERY woman thinks her boy a king amongst men. For that reason mothers ought to be careful not to kill the spirit of a boy by unnecessary criticism. It is difficult, of course, for a mother to abandon control of her child. She has been so in the habit of minding him that she has a sort of heart-break when he begins to do things on his own. She has a pang when he buys his first ties without her aid, and when he orders his first suit of clothes without her assistance she realises that her hold upon him has gone. One sympathises with the mother in her grief, because grief it is. But the thing has to come if the boy is to be manly and a credit to her.

The mistake some mothers make is to slobber round their boys for too long a time. A boy quickly thinks he becomes a man when he goes to business. If he didn't he would become a prig. It is at this age of a boy that a mother can do a good deal or too little. She must treat him as a young man. She has more tact and intelligence than he has, and she must use these qualities. It will pay her in the end.

She should see that he is not gossiped about before his face to start with. He ought not to be made to feel that the eye of every aunt and neighbour is upon him, ready to pounce on the slightest failure or mistake, and trip him up in every new effort. It is easy for a lot of women to say a boy shouldn't do this or shouldn't do that, that his mother must insist, and so on. Break a spirit at this age and you break it for ever; and, if you are too severe, somebody may get hated for it.

Like this:

When I was a small boy I saw a bad carriage accident. I came in and told the whole story to my mother. Our next-door neighbour called, and my mother started to tell her my story. I joined in, to tell some at least of it my way. The neighbour turned on me and said: "Hush! Little boys should be seen and not heard." Well, I never was that kind of boy, and I suddenly realised that I was smarting under an injustice. So I said, "Oh, go to grass; it's my story. Mother didn't know it till I told her." And I never again spoke to our next-door neighbour.

Isn't the Girl of "Sweet
Seventeen" Rather
Overrated?

I WONDER how it is that a romance and a glamour seems to have settled round the maid of seventeen. I think perhaps the early Victorian poets may be responsible for it. Byron very largely, with Charles Lever and the other steel engraving novelists as henchmen. We have grown and progressed out of that time, and we ought to get out of the poetic belief also. Perhaps we have, and only keep the "sweet seventeen" phrase as an imagination. Of course, she has a certain charm of her own even yet—this girl. Transitory periods will always have a charm.

But if I was a poet, which I am not, I would sing the praises of "Sweet Twenty-one."

At seventeen a girl is neither one thing nor the other.

She is not discreet enough to be a child, and gets on the borderland of being tiresome. She is not wise enough to be a woman, and presently becomes most decidedly uninteresting and embarrassing.

A man can hold his own with a woman because he can be frank and honest. A grown woman likes a man that way. He cannot be so with this hoyden of seventeen. She requires unlimited and unreasoning servitude. A man never knows when he is going to be "horrid" because he disagrees with her. He never knows when he will transgress because of too much attention or a slight inattention. He wishes to be sympathetic and kindly without being openly and aggressively patronising. And he fails, in her estimation, in everything he undertakes.

The man who tries to be really nice to so-called "sweet seventeen" is like a man condemned to the martyr's stake. He gets his finish.

I have been led to these wise conclusions at a cost of three ice-creams and two black coffees. You see, "sweet seventeen" could not conceal her appetite any more than she could conceal her contempt for my hopeless ignorance on the things we talked about.

I was sorry, because I put on my best suit and went to the party resolved to be very nice to her.

The Gentleman
out of a Job.

THEY are laying down tramlines along the Victoria Embankment in London. The other day a newspaper photographer took a snap-shot of the men at work. This illustration appeared in the DAILY EXPRESS. It was quite an instructive picture. A lot of labourers, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Italians, Spaniards, Hungarians, and Poles were hard at work breaking and making. Quite a cosmopolitan crowd do this kind of work—very many of them God's failures.

Curiously enough the photographer had included in his view one of the Embankment seats, and you got a picture of four men asleep on it. One was a big, heavy-set, athletic looking man.

Somebody went up to him and said, "Why don't you get to work on the tramlines?" "Oh," said the big man, "I can't do that kind of labour. I'm a clerk out of work and I don't know how."

Now here is a prize ass.

If you set that man down in a bar parlour, with a mug of beer before him, and with half a dozen of the same kind of men around him, they would get to whining first and after that they would get to bragging. And this man would say that if he was alone on a desert island he would get his living somehow without a piece of string or even a bent pin to fish with.

He might not perhaps say just those words, but because he had an audience he would brag something like that. He would brag because of the romance and the pleasure and the game in fighting for such an existence.

But the habit of everyday hard work is so prosaic and sordid, isn't it? To some men habit means more than life. To some men surroundings point to the casual ward and the pauper's grave. Where is the spirit of the boasted empire-maker in "I can't"? "I won't" is good sound solid sense sometimes, and abrupt British always. "I can't" is a cur's cry.

You Should be Careful
when You are Charitable.

AND with regard to the above may I give a word of really good advice to the too charitably inclined. Don't ever give a penny piece to an able-bodied male beggar. He may come fawning to you, and pitch you a plausible tale of want and starvation. Let him want and starve. God never made a man without making work to feed him. It isn't His way.

Charity ought not to create and foster laziness. If you have a certain amount of charity to give away each year, give it thoughtfully and charitably—give it to women and children.

I cannot recall an occasion on which I have ever given a cent to a male beggar. I give twopenny, and even sixpence sometimes, to a man for a penny paper, but then he is more or less a regular pensioner of mine, and I know something of him. He is doing the best he can.

And I give away several pennies in the course of a day to women and children, even if they are beggars. That may be wrong, but I don't care. It may be keeping them beggars, but I can't help it. It may be foolish to give to a woman; but it is a moral crime to give to a man.

PETER KEARY (Mr. Notebook.)

LIFEBOATS THAT DON'T SAVE LIVES.

They are too near together to be of great use.

THE inland town dweller when visiting the seaside nearly always takes an interest in the lifeboat if the place possesses one. And perhaps as he gazes at the boat, all glorious in its blue and white paint, his heart swells within him at the thought of the splendid work done by our National Lifeboat Institution, and he drops a coin in the collecting box at the door of the boathouse.

But his enthusiasm would probably be somewhat damped if he asked the attendant in charge how many lives had been saved by that lifeboat, or how many times it had been out to ships in distress on the sea. For there are many places on our coast where lifeboats remain from year's end to year's end in their houses on shore without being launched for any serious purpose beyond the monthly or quarterly practice.

This is not due to any decrease in the number of wrecks or disasters off the town since the lifeboat was first placed there.

It arises from the fact that there are lifeboat stations at too frequent intervals along certain stretches of coast off which disasters rarely occur, or if they do, are within easy reach of more than one of the lifeboats.

Such a stretch of coast is that between Deal, Head and Dungeness, a distance of about twenty-six miles. Within this distance are situated four lifeboat stations, Dungeness, Winchelsea, Hastings, and Eastbourne. The latter place possesses two boats, so that there are five lifeboats maintained on this coast.

NEVER RECEIVE A CALL.

Yet disasters in the Channel necessitating the services of a lifeboat are very infrequent, with the result that some of these boats are but rarely called out, whilst others practically never receive a call. And then when a ship does come to grief in this part of the ocean, it receives a superfluity of attention from lifeboats, the call being nearly always responded to by two, if not three, of the boats mentioned.

For instance, during a heavy gale some three years ago, a ship was driven ashore at Fairlight, about a mile to the east of Hastings. The lifeboat at that place was summoned, but could not be launched, and it was the boat from Eastbourne, thirteen miles away, that came and stood by the stranded vessel, which after all did not need any help.

Another time there was a collision in mid-Channel. The Hastings boat went off, only to find the one from Winchelsea already on the scene.

It is a long time now since any of these boats have been called to a case where their assistance was really needed, and it certainly seems as if those at Dungeness and Eastbourne would be quite sufficient to deal with all the disasters that occur in the Channel off this particular part of our coastline.

There are other parts of the coast where a similar state of things exists, but undoubtedly it is better that there should be an excess of lifeboats along our coasts, than an insufficient supply of them.

IDA: "George is so poetical. He says my ears are like shells."

Irene: "Did he say whether he meant coconut or oyster shells?"

Sam (after breaking the wish-bone): "What did you wish?"

He: "I wished that you would let me kiss you."

What did you wish?

She: "I wished that what you wished would come true."

"He's a good friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Oh, only medium."

"What do you mean by medium?"

"Oh, he listens while I tell him all of my troubles; but he also wants me to listen while he tells me all of his."

Man's War Against Woman.

An Article of the Greatest
Human Interest by

MARIE CORELLI

will be found in the
December Number of

THE RAPID.

Out on Dec. 12th. Price Sixpence.
But order now and avoid disappointment.

"Who Goes There?"



Sentries Who Guard London Houses.

he will find that they halt at the doors of the Bank of England. They are the Bank Guard, which nightly takes over the custody of the "Old Lady of Thread-needle Street."

The custom of posting military sentries at the Bank originated in the tumultuous days of the Gordon Riots—at a time when the mob cast longing glances at its well-stocked bullion vaults.

Nowadays there is, of course, no real need for such warlike precautions. The building is sufficiently protected in other ways. Still, the soldier does not mind this kind of sentry go.

It is certainly not the fault of the Bank authorities if he finds his duties irksome, for the quarters set apart for the non-commissioned officers and men are of the most comfortable description. Moreover, with a thoughtfulness which might well be copied elsewhere, a substantial supper is provided, with beer and mineral waters for such as prefer them. For the subaltern in command similar consideration is shown.

CAN INVITE A FRIEND TO DINNER.

He has not only a dining-room at his service, but a bedroom also, to which he can retire after partaking of the good dinner provided for him. But that is not all. To dine in solitary state is far from pleasant even to a subaltern, so he is granted the privilege of inviting a guest to share his meal and to help in cracking the two bottles of excellent wine which form the regular allowance for the officer in command of the guard. But, of course, no stranger is permitted to spend the night within the precincts of the Bank, so the departure of the guest usually follows very closely on the heels of the second cigar.

Duties there are, of course, to be performed, but these are not of a laborious kind. There are but a couple of sentries to post and inspect. Any further display of activity on the part of the officer can only be regarded as a self-imposed task.

But the Bank of England is not the only place in the City thus carefully guarded during the hours of darkness. The Tower of London, which is to all intents and purposes a garrison, is even more rigorously protected, and the nightly task of "locking up" the grey old fortress is carried out with almost medieval ceremony.

At nightfall the great gates are carefully locked, and the keys are borne with much solemnity, with an escort, to the house of the Governor, in whose keeping they are lodged for the night.

THE LORD MAYOR KNOWS THE WATCHWORD.

As in his progress with the keys the warden approaches a sentry, the man springs to attention and presents arms, while from his lips rings the time-honoured challenge: "Who goes there?"

"King Edward's keys," replies the warden. "Pass, King Edward's keys; all's well," responds the sentry, who continues at the "present" till the symbols of His Majesty's authority have passed.

Each evening also a watchword is chosen, and communicated to all intrusted with the custody of the Tower, and without this word none can enter the fortress. Moreover, it is the bounden duty of the Governor to send each evening to the Mansion House a special messenger bearing a carefully-sealed letter directed to the Lord Mayor, and containing the watchword for the night.

In the West-End also sentries are very much in evidence. Who, for example, has not seen and admired the two Life Guardsmen sitting like statues on their coal-black steeds before the Horse Guards in Whitehall? The new War Office may ere long be similarly graced by tall and stately guardians.

At Buckingham Palace the daily mounting of the guard is carried out with great formality, the King himself often watching the process with the keenest interest. The Ambassadors' Gateway of St. James's Palace, too, is never without its couple of sentries.

Moreover, a sentry is posted before the stable entrance, though there are now actually no stables to guard. The entrance to Marlborough House is likewise provided with two sentries, but York House has had none since it was occupied by Prince Arisuguwa during his visit to this country.

FORTUNES IN OLD RECIPES.

How to Build Up a New Business.

HIDDEN away in old books and on scraps of paper are valuable recipes for the alleviation of various ills. Each family has some special preparation which is recommended among a certain circle of friends. If any mixture or ointment is found beneficial, the question arises—"Will it pay to develop a business from this recipe?" It will if the prescription is a good one and can be prepared cheaply.

Here is an example: A soothing ointment has been used in the family of a greengrocer for many years, and many pots have been given away to customers at the bare cost of production.

But people began to send for pots from other towns, and a very small postal business was built up. Gradually this increased, and eighteen months ago the shop was given up and the ointment became the real occupation.

The reader will recall the small beginnings of various large firms whose advertisements nowadays meet the eye everywhere. A few hints as to the method of utilising any recipes may prove of service.

There are two laws by which any mixture may be protected. The more expensive is by patenting, and this costs roughly £100. A patent can be "provisionally protected" for six months at a cost of £3 3s.

At the end of that period a "complete specification" must be supplied together with 45 for fees. This interval of time should be spent in testing, altering, and finding out whether other patents are being infringed. Yearly payments for fourteen years make up the balance of the £100.

A five-pound note is sufficient for registering any trade mark. This is the total cost for fourteen years, and may be renewed at the end of that period. A trade mark may consist of invented words, some figure, emblem or design, a written signature, or a copy of a signature.

A design is copyright for five years, and the cost for registration is £2 2s. It is necessary to think out a striking design with a title and get the same drawn on a wood block. Your "ad." can then be sent to any paper without fear of infringement.

The patent experts of SMITH'S WEEKLY will only be too pleased to advise you on any difficult points.

The question of capital for this undertaking may be an acute one, yet this difficulty is easily surmounted. There are wealthy gentlemen—either in your town or in London—who are anxious to finance these small ventures; but before capital can be obtained you must have genuine testimonials as to the worth of your mixture.

There is one thing to remember—never sell your claim outright. It is advisable to build up a little business in your immediate neighbourhood: first of all large boards, thousands of handbills at football matches and other gatherings, and local "ads." are a test of the worth of your preparation.

Then, as your business grows, you can extend your advertising all over the kingdom.

MAKING IT WORSE.

RECENTLY, in a case at one of the London police-courts, one of the witnesses evinced some disinclination to state her age.

"Is—is it really necessary?" she asked coyly. "It is absolutely necessary, madam," the magistrate assured her.

"Well," sighed the maiden, "if I must, I suppose I must. I don't see how it could possibly affect the case, for you see—"

"Madam," observed the magistrate, rather tartly. "I must ask you not to further waste the time of this Court. Kindly state your age without further delay."

"I am, that is, I was—" she stammered, unable to proceed.

"Madam, I must beg you to hurry!" implored the magistrate. "Every minute makes it worse, you know!"

£10 For a Story.

In order to encourage those who write stories we will give a price of £10 to the author who sends us before the closing date what we consider to be the best story, not exceeding 2,500 words in length.

All manuscripts must be typewritten. Each competitor may send us as many attempts as he or she likes.

The Editor has the right to use any of the stories, for which payment will be made.

All manuscripts considered unsuitable for publication will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. But the Editor will not take responsibility for loss of or damage to manuscripts.

The closing date is Monday, January 7th, 1907.

Envelopes should be addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should be marked with the words "Ten Pound Story" in the top left-hand corner.

ONE of the most interesting features of modern house construction is the extensive manner in which steel has been utilised as building material.

Considering the heavy strain that is brought to bear on "structural" steel used for this and other purposes, it is hardly surprising to learn that ere the metal is sent out from the manufacturers it is submitted to very severe and extensive tests. Contracts for steel, it may be explained, are based on what is known as the "breaking stress" or tonnage the metal will bear per square inch, the "elongation" or distance it will stretch without breaking, and the "ductility" or ease with which it will bend without snapping.

It is to discover these qualities that the various tests are applied.

Should the steel fail to pass the severe tests to which it is submitted, the cost of which, by the way, falls on the steel-maker, the contract falls through, and the metal is thrown back on the manufacturer. It is therefore to the interest of the latter to render such an undesirable circumstance an impossibility. This is accomplished by subjecting the steel ingredients first of all to an extremely stiff chemical ordeal before the manufacture is entered upon.

REDUCING THE METAL TO LIQUID.

Accordingly, attached to our modern steel-making establishments are excellently-equipped laboratories. Before the "smelters" are charged, samples of the ingredients, such as iron ore, pig iron, and old metal drillings, are brought to the chemist, who reduces them to liquid state, and then by applying the usual tests discovers the percentage of impurities the ingredients contain, whose elimination is the object of steel-making.

Having noted the proportions of these impurities, which are principally phosphorus, sulphur, carbon, and manganese, the chemist is able to advise the workman how to "feed" the "smelter," and also to guide him in carrying out the process of manufacture.

Again, from time to time the chemist receives samples of the steel drawn from the great furnaces, and by testing these also is able to determine whether the manufacture of the steel is proceeding on the proper lines.

So much for the safeguarding of the manufacturer. The tests in which the agents of the customers are interested are those mechanical ordeals which are applied to the metal after the process of manufacture.

For instance, to discover the "ductility" a small bar of steel is selected by the inspector, who then fixes it in the midst of a specially-designed piece of machinery, with the centre of the bar against a stout little pillar. Terrific pressure is next brought to bear on the extremities of this short bar of metal, with the result that it is twisted round the little pillar in such a manner as to form a semicircle.

IF THE STEEL SNAPS.

Of course, should the steel split or snap during this ingenious little operation its "ductility" is proved to be at fault, and the metal is condemned. Some idea of the enormous force applied to the bar may be gathered from the fact that, though the test only lasts a brief second or two, the twisted steel becomes exceedingly hot.

The operation to discover the "breaking stress" or tonnage the steel will bear per square inch is, however, much more elaborate. First of all, the inspector calculates the area of the little sample bar with which he wishes to experiment, and thereafter places it between two clutches, one above the other, in a very powerful piece of machinery.

When this machine begins to operate, under the influence of its terrific strain the clutches recede from each other, pulling out the steel bar between them like elastic, until with a loud crash it suddenly snaps in twain. An indicator at the same time automatically records on its dial-face the power or tonnage required to break the steel, and, as the inspector already knows the area of his sample, he is able to jot down the tonnage the metal will bear.

These calculations, it should be noted, are worked down to a very low degree, for even an error of a hundredth of an inch may lead to very serious blunders in estimating the resisting power of the metal. Besides revealing the tonnage the steel will bear, this operation also indicates to the inspector the elasticity or elongation of the metal.

Altogether it will be conceded that the testing-house is not the least interesting department in our great and busy modern steel-making works.

Testing the Strength of Steel.



Chemicals and Machinery are Used.

How Moneylenders Trap their Prey.



They
Employ
Touts to
Bring
Business.

ALTHOUGH the Moneylending Act which was recently passed would appear to have effected a change for the better in the professional moneylender, in regard to the rate of interest charged, yet it really has had no such effect. Moneylenders charge the same extortionate rates of interest as they did in years past, and they can defy the law in this respect, knowing that not one in ten of their borrowers will ever appear in Court to take advantage of the Act referred to.

Moneylenders find the university undergraduates the most lucrative "clients." These young men are invariably highly connected and of good family, and rather than any public exposure of their indiscretions should result, their parents often pay the iniquitous charges of the moneylender to settle the matter quietly. One may be curious to know how it is these moneylenders get into touch with college men, and others.

The fact is, the moneylender has touts or agents—men of education, fashion, and irreproachable appearance who in some way have been able to become known to gentlemen in good circumstances and position. These latter, hearing from their undergraduate friends of a desire to obtain funds, will introduce them to the tout.

AS A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

The tout then informs the undergraduate that he believes he can "oblige" the young man by introducing him to a moneylender, but, of course, as it is a matter of business, his, the tout's fee, must be paid. This fee will amount to £50 or £100, or more, according to circumstances.

When the undergraduate agrees, the tout (again as a matter of business) draws up a letter addressed to himself to be written out and signed by the undergraduate, which is to request the tout to obtain a specified advance, and desiring that the latter's commission should be deducted from the amount to be lent.

These formalities being completed, the tout takes the young man to the moneylender, who also gives the tout a commission.

Although these two gentlemen are, of course, closely related to each other in business matters, yet in the presence of the borrower they act as strangers, the tout taking care to show that he is acting solely on the borrower's behalf, and endeavouring to drive a good bargain with the moneylender.

MADE TO SIGN AN AGREEMENT.

A long discussion ensues, the moneylender protesting that he cannot advance any money, and the tout arguing that he is convinced of the bona fides of his friend, who wishes to borrow, say, £1,000. At length, the moneylender will grudgingly agree to lend the amount on having from the undergraduate a full statement as to his position and that of his family, and a promise that he will sign a promissory note for £1,500 payable in three months.

The borrower complies, and thereupon the moneylender drafts a letter for the young man to write, being very careful to insert a clause to the effect that the borrower thoroughly understands the nature of the transaction he is entering into, the amount of interest he will have to pay, and that he is over twenty-one years of age.

The idea of this letter is obvious, for in case of future litigation this document being, as it is, in the borrower's own handwriting, clearly indicates that he was not unduly influenced or "trapped" into the transaction by the moneylender, but that, on the contrary, he thoroughly understood the whole matter, and was perfectly satisfied.

INSURING THE BORROWER'S LIFE.

This letter and the promissory note having been signed, the moneylender hands the £1,000 to the tout. The latter then deducts his £100 commission, and, as he explains to the borrower, "purely as a matter of business," he must now insure the borrower's life for from £2,000 to £5,000, according to circumstances.

Thereupon, the two wend their way to an insurance office (from which again the tout receives a commission for introduction), and the borrower's life is insured for the requisite sum, the premium, perhaps £100, being likewise deducted from the £1,000.

The reason for this insurance is apparent, for, should the borrower die before the promissory note matured, the moneylender would, in most cases, lose his money. Being insured, he has no fears on this account.

It will be observed, then, that the net amount received by the borrower is £800, or, perhaps, less; while he has made himself liable for £1,500 in three months' time! The interest of the moneylender on this transaction works out at 200 per cent!

In addition, the borrower (as is not infrequently done) may have agreed to pay the moneylender a consideration for an extension of time. For a further three months he pays £100 or more. As the borrower is naturally anxious to keep the matter from his parents' knowledge for as long a time as possible, he takes advantage of these extensions, so that, in the end, the moneylender receives, perhaps, 800 per cent, per annum interest on his original outlay.

However, the day of discovery cannot be indefinitely postponed, and at length the parents become cognisant of the transaction. At first the irate father declares he will not pay a farthing of the money, but in cooler moments he reflects that he must not have such a matter publicly ventilated—and so he pays the moneylender in full, as, of course, the latter knew would be the case from the beginning.

Sometimes the tout proves to be the very essence of unscrupulousness. An instance of this occurred less than a year ago. A young man of very high-class family got into the hands of one of these gentry.

SWINDLED OUT OF NEARLY £1,000.

The tout, knowing the inexperience and worldly innocence of his victim, got him into his clutches, caused him to become intoxicated, and, while in this condition, persuaded him to write a promissory note for nearly double the amount proffered to be lent! But worse was to follow.

The tout received the proceeds of the bill from the moneylender, and, instead of paying that sum over to the borrower, coolly put the whole amount into his pocket and took a trip to the Continent.

The borrower had received not a single penny of the money, and yet had rendered himself liable for nearly £1,000! When the moneylender sued, the father elected to pay rather than run the gauntlet of public comment and ridicule. Meanwhile, the tout enjoyed himself on the Continent, and when the matter was completed and hushed up, he returned to his old haunts to begin his nefarious schemes anew.

Hundreds of such cases could be quoted to show how the moneylender and his touts still prey upon the inexperienced young men of wealthy connections, and in, in spite of the Act which was especially passed for the borrower's protection.

Secure in the knowledge that none of their victims will face the exposure of a trial in open Court the moneylender and his agents fatten on their exorbitant and ill-gotten profits, unmolested and unashamed.

THE SELF-HELP CLUB.

What It Is and What It Means To Do.

The Self-Help Club is an institution organised by SMITH'S WEEKLY for the purpose of enabling its members to communicate with one another for their mutual benefit.

The advantages of membership are that:

It supplies you with the names and addresses of other readers in the same line of business who are anxious to correspond with you.

The result of such correspondence enables you to get into touch with congenial people who will assist you.

It will enable you to obtain any information or advice you may require from the staff of experts specially retained by the Editor of the paper free of charge.

Why You Should Join the Self-Help Club.

No one ought to be thoroughly satisfied with his position. He should be anxious to get on in the world. To do this, the best possible way is to broaden his knowledge by contact with others in the same line of business. This, as you are now situated, is no doubt a difficult matter, as you probably have very few friends who take an intelligent interest in your work. By sending your name, address, and trade or business to the Editor of SMITH'S WEEKLY you may obtain in return the names and addresses of other readers in sympathy with you. If possible, these names and addresses will be those of readers in your district. If at present no such names and addresses are available, those of people living in other parts of the country will be sent you. You can then start corresponding and deriving benefit from each other's knowledge.

On the other hand you can form a Self-Help Club in your own district, and have weekly meetings. Such clubs are now in process of formation throughout the country.

There is no charge whatever made for entering the Self-Help Club.

Address all your communications to P. K., care of SMITH'S WEEKLY, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.O.

LOCAL SELF-HELP CLUB ALREADY FORMED.

LIVERPOOL (Everton Branch).

Secretary: MR. CHARLES H. DOWE,

68 Northumberland Terrace,

Everton, Liverpool.

Ladies, of course, are not debarred from corresponding with each other or forming clubs.

PROFESSION OR TRADE?

Some Arguments Showing that Trade is Better for the Average Boy to Enter.

WHEN an ambitious youth reads of the enormous incomes earned by professional men, and of the superior prestige attaching to a profession as compared to a trade, he straightway desires to become a member of one of those learned bodies in preference to being an ordinary man of business.

He sees, perhaps, Mr. Rufus Isaacs and Sir Edward Clarke earning not less than £20,000 per annum, while for others there is the possibility of becoming a County Court judge at £1,500, a High Court judge at £5,000, a Lord Chief Justice at £8,000, and a Lord High Chancellor at £10,000 a year, and he deduces therefrom that the law is a very lucrative profession and a potential field for his future labours.

Yet, if he saw the rank and file of the law, he would modify his ideas considerably. For he would then see men who have entered the legal profession as boys and passed all their lives therein earning at fifty years of age only £2 per week, and that, perhaps, not so much from their own fault or disability as from lack of opportunities.

JUDGE BY THE RANK AND FILE.

The same remarks apply, to a greater or less extent, to many other learned professions. The very greatest men in the various professions undoubtedly earn princely incomes, but it is by the rank and file—their condition and their prospects which should be taken as a criterion and guide by the parents of the boy who is on the threshold of his future career.

Although one occasionally gets a notion of the amount of professional incomes such as is given above, yet one does not know the incomes of our great men of commerce.

The incomes of our merchant princes are never disclosed; but it may be said, without any exaggeration, that they are considerably in excess of those enjoyed by the majority of professional men, and this observation applies also to their employees.

Let a boy remember, too, that the examinations which have to be passed before many professions can be entered are very costly affairs.

The commercial man, on the other hand, has no fees to pay, no examinations to pass, and he can become a partner, or set up on his own account, at any time when opportunity arises. He can work his way from the post of office-boy to that of proprietor, but it is very rare indeed for this to be accomplished in a professional office.

WHERE THE PROFESSIONS LOSE.

Now, compare some of the professions with trades, and endeavour to see which offers the more opportunities and openings for ambitious men, and, in this connection, it may be fairly assumed that the more spacious the field of operations, and the more workers employed therein, the more chances of promotion there will be.

In the United Kingdom there are

Barristers and Solicitors ...	27,184
Law Clerks ...	42,339
Surgeons ...	27,894
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	275,591
Literary Men ...	18,098
Civil Engineers and Surveyors ...	21,050
Musicians, Artists, and Actors ...	132,544
Clergymen ...	51,668
Other Professions ...	51,604

Total in Professions ... 648,559

In the Commercial World there are, amongst others:—

Agents, Commercial Travellers, etc. ...	157,820
Commercial Clerks ...	439,972
Railway Clerks and other Railway Employees ...	1,497,629
Shopkeepers ...	105,815
Workers dealing with Metals, Machines, etc. ...	1,175,715
Ditto in Building ...	1,335,820
Ditto in Dress ...	1,395,795
Ditto in Food ...	805,777
Insurance Clerks ...	63,515

The total number engaged in occupations other than professions being over 14,000,000! Compare two of these with each other:—

Commercial Clerks (trade) ...	439,972
And Law Clerks (profession) ...	42,339

What do these figures indicate? They show that a commercial clerk will have proportionately ten times the number of openings as a law-clerk! And a like proportion occurs in the other professions and trades.

Before entering a crowded profession for the sake of higher prestige and supposed larger income, a boy should recollect that the opportunities of promotion and success in a profession which only counts its members by the ten thousand must be considerably less than in a business which numbers its workers by the hundred thousand or million.

It must not be forgotten, either, that the professions are dependent for their prosperity on the well-being of commercial people. Consequently, when depression arises, the latter economise and dispense with things which give employment to professional men, and in this way the depression is always more acute in professional than in business circles.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

TOYS OF FATE.

A Human Drama Written by STACEY BLAKE.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

JIM ELICOTT decides to kill himself. His fiancée, Muriel Danebridge, has returned his ring; and the firm in which all his money is invested has become insolvent.

With this idea in view, he commences clearing up his affairs. There is the five hundred pounds he owes Israel Zorzi, the moneylender. He contracted the debt by being bound for a friend. It would never be paid now.

Then Ellicott remembers he has lent his revolver to his old friend Vincent Hartley. So he buys a new one.

He writes to Muriel telling her of his intention. Just as he is finishing his arrangements Vincent Hartley calls. With white face and bloodless lips, he confesses that he has killed Israel Zorzi.

The moneylender, it appeared, after dunning him at his club, had waylaid him on Hampstead Heath. Words had come to blows. Zorzi brought out a knife, whereupon Hartley drew forth Ellicott's revolver and shot him. Then he flung the weapon away and fled.

When Hartley hears that Ellicott intends to kill himself, he implores him to take the blame of Zorzi's murder upon his shoulders.

Ellicott agrees to do it, and he writes Hartley a letter in which he takes upon himself the crime. It is written on his own peculiar green notepaper. Exulting at his new lease of life, Hartley runs out to post it.

Meanwhile, Muriel, who in sending back the ring has been influenced by her aunt, hears of Jim's terrible misfortune. She now realises that he alone fills her heart.

So she writes to him and pleads for the return of her ring. Will he meet her at Lady Brooksbank's reception that night? Needless to say, on receipt of this letter, Jim does not commit suicide.

Instead, he goes to the reception. When he meets Muriel he forgets the existence of everyone else, and together they go to a secluded nook, where he hears what he has already read, from Muriel's own lips.

Then falls the bolt from the blue. Vincent Hartley appears and is thunderstruck at seeing Ellicott still alive.

Jim leaves Muriel for a moment and explains to his friend that, owing to circumstances altering, he cannot keep his agreement. But this doesn't do for Hartley; he refuses point blank to release Jim from his promise, and says he intends to keep the incriminating letter.

As Jim attempts to enter his flat that night Vincent Hartley stuns him with a sand-bag. Thinking he has killed him he makes it appear as though Jim had committed suicide.

But Jim recovers, and by a strategy he obtains the green envelope. When he gets home he anxiously opens it. Instead of finding inside the letter that means so much to him he only discovers a blank piece of paper, and in his agony he collapses to the ground. For Hartley, being afraid to trust the letter to the post, had inserted a piece of paper in its stead.

Next morning Hartley expects the green envelope, but is disappointed. All the same, he rings up Scotland Yard on the telephone and tells them that Ellicott has written him a strange confession. A detective named Nall visits him, and together they go to Jim's abode. Nall forces open the door, and they find Jim huddled on the floor.

Jim is charged with murder, and in his rage rushes at Hartley. During the struggle Nall handcuffs him.

Later, when Muriel and her aunt are out lunching, Lady Blanthorpe sees a paper, and she tells her niece that Ellicott has been arrested for the murder of Israel Zorzi. A foreign customer in the restaurant hears the remark. He rushes round to Ellicott's abode and there meets Nall and Hartley. The detective learns his story. He is Juan Asperillo, a Spaniard, the lover of Zorzi's daughter, Shebah, whom someone has basely deceived.

The moneylender had gone to Hampstead Heath that fatal night intent on killing his daughter's betrayer. But he had been killed himself. And Ellicott had confessed the crime. According to the Spaniard's reasoning, therefore, Ellicott was the scoundrel who had ruined Shebah. Asperillo declares that, but for the fact that the law has Jim in its power, he would take a heavy vengeance.

The detective visits Muriel, and she declares that she had received no letter from Jim. Some burnt paper lies in the grate, and Nall guesses the truth.

Muriel hears that a woman is the cause of the murder, so, with her aunt, she visits Hartley at his office. Whilst they are speaking Asperillo enters and tells his story. And Muriel goes away believing Jim to be guilty.

That is what the judge and jury think too, when Jim is tried. Twenty years' penal servitude is his punishment; much rather would he have faced death.

Vincent Hartley buys from a moneylender two debts that Lady Blanthorpe has contracted. They cost him £475, but it is not too much to pay for the knowledge that Muriel's aunt is in his power.

YOU CAN NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

Trumps.

"And now, dear, go and put on your prettiest frock—the pink, I think. This incident is finished, and, as I have said—"

What Lady Blanthorpe had said she had said at much length, as was her wont.

"We must look forward, dear, now. You must not make a trouble of it. After all it might have been worse, for everybody knows you had broken off the engagement. You must look on the bright side of things. Like I do, for goodness knows, if I made a trouble of all my—er—my troubles I shouldn't have anything to live for, which is not my way, considering that I believe it's our duty to make as much of our miserable lives as we can, so that we may—er—"

Muriel evinced no curiosity to hear the completion of the gem of thought, and rose from the settee without a word. By the time she was half-way to the door Lady Blanthorpe, abandoning the finale to her sentiment, had switched on to something else. It was a kind of postscript, being the most important thing she had to say.

"I want you to look nice," she said. "Mr. Martindale is coming to dinner."

Muriel made no answer. She was only intensely weary. She could not have quite analysed her feelings, nor have found out exactly of what her misery was composed. It was complex. She had gone through the pangs of doubts and fears that are part of the game of love; she had tasted horror, despair, resentment, and the bitterness that comes of the knowledge of betrayal.

She had felt at times that death were a thing to be desired, and she looked forward with horror to the trivial round that constituted life in Lady Blanthorpe's household. If she could only get away from it; only go somewhere where there were no cackling tongues, no curious eyes, no crowds of hateful people to peer before; somewhere where there was quietude, solitude, the clean smell of the wind and the smell of earth; somewhere where she could wipe her memory clean!

"Yes, I have asked him, dear, to brighten you up a bit. You mustn't be mopy; you must forget."

"I can't forget like that," said Muriel. "I would give anything to go away."

"What! in the middle of the season, girl! Stuff and nonsense. You would stand in your own light. You would throw—er—opportunities away, for the sake of a mere sentiment. You are—well, well! Cyril Martindale has not been here this season, and his uncle, who is childless, is a baronet, so that—but run away, child. Look at the time."

So Muriel went upstairs to be garished and dressed like a dish for the table, while Lady Blanthorpe, in the depths of a big chair, occupied her thoughts with speculation as to the probable length of the unoffending baronet's life, whether Cyril Martindale would inherit all his uncle's money, and whether he had noticed what pretty hair Muriel had.

Of course, there were others. Lady Blanthorpe was in the position of a person having something to sell, so she kept her eye on those who might buy, tempting them with every gentle artifice (free dreds and free lunch) that the market countenances. For many a manly heart has found its exact matrimonial fit under the discriminating inspiration that has grown up from the influence of a *recherché* dinner. The sense of a full stomach makes a man full-hearted, hence tolerant—and perhaps imprudent. Lady Blanthorpe had not lost sight of Vincent Hartley, but, of course, a title had manifest advantages.

In any case, it is not wise to fish in a stream where there is only one fish.

In due course Mr. Cyril Martindale arrived, and was shown into the drawing-room and into the presence of Lady Blanthorpe, who, slipping a current pennyworth of fiction under a cushion, rose up, declaring that it was sweet of him to come to cheer up the loneliness of an old woman.

"Not at all, I do assure you. Pleasure's mine, 'pon my word," said Mr. Martindale earnestly. "And you are bearing up? Your trouble, you know?"

"That! Yes, it has been inconvenient, you know," returned Lady Blanthorpe. "People are inquisitive, of course, but—well, it has not been a trouble because we washed our hands of him long ago. I saw through Mr. James Ellicott—well, just like that." She held up a hand with the fingers opened out to illustrate jointly Ellicott's extreme transparency and her own powers of penetration.

"Ha! and Miss Danebridge?"

"As a friend," said Lady Blanthorpe, dropping her voice confidentially and glancing in the direction of the door. "I don't mind telling you, she never cared for him a bit. Just a childish fancy of her's to begin with. Ah! we all have them. I was engaged twice before I married Sir John."

Mr. Martindale interposed with a severe expression, and begged to know whether the luckless pair sought bullets or poison.

Lady Blanthorpe cackled archly. "But, frankly," she said, returning to the subject in hand, "Muriel hasn't known what love is yet. Of course, I suppose I shall lose her one of these days. That is inevitable, though I—I hate to think about it. At least, she is heart-whole yet, and so happy. There, but you must forgive me talking about family matters. You somehow seem such an old friend that I—"

Just then Muriel came into the room. She had an evening-party smile on her face—probably put on with her evening frock. She held out her hand, still smiling, and Mr. Martindale had a sort of mental expression that, on the whole, it was lucky that she was still heart-whole.

Insensibly, during dinner Muriel began to brighten. Mr. Martindale was a pleasant young man, and he gave her quite a whole-hearted attention. It struck Lady Blanthorpe that, on the whole, it might be more convenient if Vincent Hartley did not come that evening. The bell, however, rang before they had been in the drawing-room an hour, and duly Vincent Hartley, the incarnation of a beau, entered the room.

"Ha! Martindale here?" he said. "I supposed you would be alone."

"Mr. Martindale is such an old friend that he hardly counts," cackled Lady Blanthorpe. "I—er—knew his mother, and—"

Lady Blanthorpe launched into a detailed and particular statement of her acquaintance with the late Mrs. Martindale, which nobody listened to, while the two men shook heads.

Muriel sat down in the middle of a settee. There was ample room on each side of her. Mr. Martindale sat down on one side. Hartley stood bending over the back of it, uttering pleasant fiction suitable to the occasion. Lady Blanthorpe put in what she considered a skilful question to Mr. Martindale about his uncle (the baronet). Was that old gentleman hunting this season, and, if not, why not?

Thereafter came comments on the expense of running hounds, and Hartley, in what is called the shopkeeper's spirit, which is really the habit of getting something for nothing, and is the exemplification of the natural scheme that nothing is ever lost, though in form changed, opined that the keeping of an expensive pack of hounds for the purpose of killing, in the clumsiest and most inconvenient way possible, a mischievous animal that has been strictly preserved for the purpose, was not only an enormous waste, but sheer foolishness.

"Of course, as I often say," observed Lady Blanthorpe with characteristic unconcern of exact relevancy or her own point of view, "a fool and his money are soon parted."

"Though it doesn't follow that a miser is a wise man," observed Mr. Martindale.

"Um, yes; locked-up money doesn't represent what a man has, but what he might have," said Hartley, epigrammatically.

"And what might he have?" asked Muriel.

"Most things are for sale," said Hartley, glancing at Lady Blanthorpe, who looked as much like a smallwares dealer as anything else.

"You, too, believe money will buy everything, then?" said Muriel, reciting the unclean creed that was thrust into her face every day.

Hartley nodded, with the shadow of a sneer about his mouth.

"There are some things barred," said Martindale, who appeared to have sense as well as prospects. "I should bar reputation. I've never known money make that. But I've known a few fellows lose one—a reputation—over money. You see, people, in their hurry to hold on to all money that comes their way, have no hands left to hold on to their reputation."

"Of course, everyone who thinks," said Lady Blanthorpe from the depths of her easy chair, "knows there's a lot of worry where you'd least expect it."

"It is only those who think that worry," said Hartley, looking at Lady Blanthorpe as a crackle of paper came from his inner pocket.

That lady sighed, as if unable to controvert the impeachment that she was addicted to that mental exercise, and therefore was liable to spiritual unrest.

"I wonder whether Ellicott's thoughts worry him," observed Mr. Martindale.

"They ought to," said Lady Blanthorpe spitefully.

"And yet," said Martindale, with conviction, "although I know everything was dead against him, enough to hang him if they hadn't turned it into manslaughter, somehow I can't rob myself of the idea that he was innocent. I mean he did not look guilty, somehow or other—pardon me, Hartley, I don't mean the slightest reflection on you, I—well, I'm hanged if I know what to make out of the thing at all."

"You mean that possibly Ellicott's allegations about myself may have had some foundation in fact?" suggested Hartley calmly—with the support of the judge's decision behind him.

"No, if I thought that, I wouldn't be in the same room with you," said the young man frankly. "I don't think that at all. As I said, I don't know what to make of it at all. I am not very good at expressing things. But there seemed to me—it was a kind of thing I felt rather than anything else—that there was some mystery in it all."

"I'm afraid that kind of an undefined feeling wouldn't be accepted as evidence," said Hartley, wetting his lips as though they had become uncomfortably dry.

"Won't you play something, Muriel," interposed Lady Blanthorpe, who judged a change in the conversation might be beneficial.

"The fancies of some men are more to be depended on than the sworn statements of others," said Martindale, following Muriel to the piano. "I am rather good at turning over," he said as an excuse.

You can even today enter the \$500 a Year for Life Competition. You will find how to do so on the first page.

"And you can enjoy the music better—at close quarters," added Hartley with a malicious smile.

Hartley moved over to Lady Blanthorpe as the music began.

"Why did you ask him here?" he said under cover of the music. He was turning over the leaves of an art production purporting to show how Devonshire looked to the artist's eyes.

"Why not?" said Lady Blanthorpe, looking at him narrowly. "I knew his mother, you know. And, beside, Muriel mustn't mope."

"Somehow, I don't fancy she is going to do that, your training—"

He played Lady Blanthorpe's game effectively. He looked across at Muriel. She was looking up into Martindale's face and smiling at something he was saying.

"I should be content to have no competition," said Hartley deeply interested in a very pink picture.

Lady Blanthorpe scented opposition like a politician on a platform. And she enjoyed it, too, like the person of that breed, who feels certain of him—or herself, for, mark you, these are the days when motherhood is of less importance than suffragehood. It had been said that that good man, Alderman Blanthorpe, Knight, might have lived longer than he did if he had had sense enough to submit, domestic warfare not suiting his health.

"Muriel is young, you cannot expect—"

"You are the mistress, my dear Lady Blanthorpe."

"And so I ask her whom I like, dear Mr. Hartley. And competition is the soul of art—of—dear me, what is it the soul of?"

"Trouble," suggested Hartley.

"To you?"

"No, to you," said Hartley, with a queer smile that might have meant anything. "I want to marry Muriel."

Lady Blanthorpe sat up straight in her chair. For a moment she was bereft of words, which, in itself, indicated in her a remarkable state of mind.

"Yes; you need not pretend to be surprised," added Hartley, apparently absorbed in a very pretty cliff scene.

"I had no idea you had anything of that sort in your mind," said Lady Blanthorpe, untruthfully.

"Which accounts for the fact, perhaps, that our young friend is here."

"Muriel must make her own choice," said Lady Blanthorpe, sighing.

"But you can assist her," Hartley's eyes seemed to say "must."

She challenged the look. This woman had never been opposed. "Why should I?" she asked combatively.

The music fell very soft and low. He could not answer for a moment what was in his mind.

"Yes; I was in this district last year," he said, turning the leaves of the book. "But the man who painted these pictures must have had pink in his eyes."

The music rose up loud again. Lady Blanthorpe looked up for her answer.

"Because you need my help," he said, fingering something in his breast pocket. He pulled out a slip of paper with a scarlet stamp in one corner of it, and placed it flat inside the open book. And the woman saw her own big signature in one corner of it. Of a sudden her eyes grew bulbous with unrestrained astonishment. Her mouth fell, and her face somehow took on a pinched look.

"Where have you got that from?" she said under her breath.

"I have bought it," he said slowly—"and others," he added, making a chance shot.

"All of them?" she asked fearfully.

"Yes." He paused, with an unpleasant smile hovering about his lips.

"Can you pay? Some of them are nearly due." He wondered how much this woman owed, how far her folly had driven her into debt.

"Do I owe the money to you?"

"Yes, but it is a little thing as compared with your friendship—your help."

"Yes?" She sank back into the chair with a deep breath.

"I should like to give them back to you," murmured Hartley, coming to the last of the pictures.

"Would you?" she demanded in an eager whisper.

"I will the day I marry Muriel," he said, shutting the book.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

The Woman Who Knows.

Love is so profound an experience that no man, having gone through it, can be quite the same afterwards. That is to say, he will have been made mentally or physically. No man, having lived a year, stands better or worse. Life, after all, the life that matters, is but a string of experiences. Confronted these, fill a few hours to repletion, the soul live fiercely, swiftly, like a mouse in oxygen, and change comes because life has been lived.

Love has inspired men to the highest and noblest deeds—and to the basest. It has made heroes—and knaves.

Vincent Hartley, because of his love for Muriel Danebridge, had let nothing stand in his way. The opportunity that had been held out to him in the beginning he had fiercely held to, and fought for without scruple or pity. To gain this woman he had thrown away his own soul. For, all through the dark days, when his perjured spirit groped fearfully on, when falsity was piled on falsity, and an innocent man was condemned that he might live, the thought of this woman was like a little light burning in the distance.

Alas! that so fair a thing be reached by so black a way! For the experiencing of a deep passion is given to bad men as well as good.

To Lady Blanthorpe's house he came many times. That lady had had an evening with her thoughts. The coercion implied in his possession of the notes, the fact that he could squeeze her because she had gambled, lost money, and borrowed, was distasteful to her; but since, after all, it was done, and her comfort (which was the first con-

sideration) depended on her acquiescence in his proposal, she decided to throw in her weight on his side of the balance, and to give up bridge.

"After all, dear," she said, when she and Muriel were brushing their hair, "one night, which, in Lady Blanthorpe's case, was not a very extensive operation, since most of her hair could be dressed on a block, 'love—real love, is very nice, as I have always said.'"

She had a convenient habit of establishing a prior use of such sentiments as fitted in with her present purpose.

"And there is no doubt," she added discriminately, "that he loves you. I have seen a lot of that, my dear. Before I said 'Yes' to your uncle I had an opportunity of learning a lot about love, and my advice is, marry the man who loves you. Besides, he is rich, and that is a lot in these days. Of course, a title would have been nice, but, after all, you can soon get used to that, as I said to your poor uncle when he was made Knight, and true words he found them, like everything else I told him, just as I tell you."

Muriel did not reply for a moment. It would not have puzzled a young lady of much less observing power than this one to have correctly discovered Hartley's attitude towards her. Not that many women suffer from blindness when a man's affections are concerned, since the habit of the modern young woman errs rather on the other side. For, if a woman hasn't a ha'porth of love to return, the man's love—the love of many men—is still quite desirable. For the best compliment we, the reader and his humble servant, can pay a woman is to fall in love with her. And the vanity of some women is like a yawning pit, inasmuch that it can never be filled.

Muriel was sensitive to the subtle flattery conveyed in Hartley's attitude to herself. She did not resent it—that he should desire to occupy the position in her heart—poor little shallow heart—that Jim Ellicott had filled. For she had cast Ellicott out of her life. She only thought of what had been with a deep, dull bitterness. She had been a victim. She had suffered a cruel wrong. And now it was for her to make the best of her life that she could. Nothing was to be gained by looking backwards. Her life lay forward.

"Of course," she said slowly; "he has been very kind, and all that—only—"

"Only what?" said Lady Blanthorpe, with a little snap in her voice. "What can you say against him? Wasn't he the only friend we could turn to? Of course," she added, rather wisely. "I'm not going to have a word in the matter, because it is for you to decide, as I have often said, and if you think you'd rather not do as other girls do, well, you must live with me till I am put in my coffin—and my annuity ends."

"I was going to say," said Muriel, who had more practical notions than to be content with such an outlook, "that he hasn't asked me."

"Then he will, if I can read a man aright," said Lady Blanthorpe with the conviction of certain knowledge.

But Vincent Hartley was not one to spoil his chance by over haste. He went about his object with deliberation and thought, in a hundred little ways making his meaning clear, and yet not speaking. Then once he stayed away three days, and then, when he came at length, she asked him, with pretty petulance (innocent young woman) why he had been absent so long.

Lady Blanthorpe was at that moment sleeping the sleep of the just fed, in the stoff chair in the dining-room.

"Did you want me then?" he asked.

"Of course, I'm pleased to see you—always," she began lightly.

"Look here, Muriel," he said, with a sudden deep seriousness in his voice, and the look in his eyes of a man who has come to a momentous decision. "I stayed away to see if I could. I wanted to try myself, to find out what hold you had upon me. I should have stayed away longer if I had been able to, but I couldn't. I love you."

She stayed silent a long time. This was no surprise. A man's declaration of love is never a surprise, because, clumsy fool, he shows it long before. Yet, even when a man's love has been transparent long enough its sudden translation into tangible words is usually productive of some emotion on the part of the gentle beloved. She remembered another occasion long ago—and it seemed a very long time ago—when a man had first spoken of love to her, and her heart had lifted and her brain been fired. What was love? She began to think that she did not know.

"You will think me very heartless," she began softly, "for I do not know what to say."

"Of course, you don't," he broke out tumultuously, "and it is not likely, in the circumstances—remembering what you have gone through, of the darkness over your life—how your love was trampled on—betrayed. I am a brute to expect anything."

"The devil in his heart must have laughed."

"I ought to have remained silent," he added. "I could not reasonably expect an answer from you."

She lifted an unmoved face to him, that showed she was

not so deeply affected by what was gone as might have been supposed.

"I read the other day," she said, "something about wiping off the past, like writing upon a slate. I believe I have done that. If I had not life would be unbearable."

"Then have you a word—something—anything—to tell me that I may hope?" he jerked out huskily. "Do you, can you love me?"

"Do you really care?" she asked, for the pleasure of hearing him say it, because there are few such moments in a woman's life.

"Care? I madly love you. Do you understand? Can you care—a little bit?"

For a moment she looked up and met his eyes. He seized her hand. She did not resist—not when he drew her to him.

He went away that night with his heart beating high. If this was not his hour of triumph, it was very near it. When he took her to the altar would be the supreme moment. He had conquered—conquered! Here was joy. He had not striven and fought for nothing. What his soul most desired he had got. And the price!

A man a long way off groaned behind prison bars.

He had a mind to go straight home that night that he might, in solitude, think of what had come to pass, but he hesitated at a street corner, and a hansom cab driver noted his hesitation, strove up and profited thereby. He gave the name of a Bohemian club which he occasionally visited. It was a club of cosmopolitan membership, and mainly supported by those who wrote, painted, chiselled, or acted.

He was duly set down on the doorstep, and, paying his fare, he turned under the archway and began to mount the stairs.

Half-way up he ran into somebody who was coming down.

"Hallo! Asperillo, you?" The sight of the Spaniard gave him a little shock. A sort of involuntary shiver went through him, like that when we say someone is walking over our grave. Asperillo was connected with things that he wanted to forget. Somehow, the sight of the man was like a jarring note in the harmony of his thoughts.

"Why, yes, and I have something to tell you," said Asperillo. "Come into the reading-room. We shall be alone there."

Hartley followed, just a little unwillingly.

"It was about Israel Zorzi's will that I was going to tell you," said Asperillo. "It has been what you called proved. I—I suppose, I may never need to paint to sell again, for he has left me half his fortune."

"Half—ha! Let me congratulate you. You will devote yourself to art now, and let others supply the public—with—what they want, which I understand is not art."

"Yes, yes, perhaps so. And the other half of his fortune goes to his daughter—to Shebah!"

"Ha!"

Involuntarily Hartley braced himself for such an effort as a man makes who expects a blow that he cannot avoid.

"Yes, and—well, I have to do my duty. I am going out to find her."

"To find Shebah Zorzi?" said Hartley slowly, with a feeling like that of a hand throttling him.

"Yes."

"But she is in hiding—oh! Somewhere abroad," said Hartley, with a whitening face, for all his efforts to fight down the fear that was gripping him.

"Yes; but I have—what you call a clue, is it not? I shall find her."

"Where is it—in Spain?"

"Yes."

"You will not tell me where?"

"No; no one must find her but me. Adios—good-bye."

The door closed. Vincent Hartley gazed straight before him with haggard eyes, and the signs of a deadly fear written in them. He gripped the back of a chair, staring out open-eyed, and yet seeing nothing that was there. He looked like one who saw things that had been or were to be, like one who read writing upon the wall.

"Gone to find Shebah Zorzi," he muttered, speaking as though another voice, not his own, articulated the words. "Gone to find Shebah Zorzi—the woman who knows."

(Another long instalment in next week's splendid Christmas Double Number.)

"FATHER," said Jack, "would you like me to give you a Christmas present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then now is the time to double my weekly pocket-money, so that I shall have the money to buy it when Christmas comes!"

CRABBE: "You needn't call any more; I'm going to try another laundry."

Laundryman: "Why, what's the matter? Weren't your collars and shirts well done?"

Crabbe: "Yes, too well done. I don't like them so brown!"

"MOTHER," asked little Charlie Johnson, "do fairy-tales always begin 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear," replied Mrs. Johnson, "not always; sometimes they begin 'My love, I have been detained at the office again to-night, and—'"

Mr. Johnson left the room slamming the door with unnecessary violence.

MOTHER: "Why did you let him kiss you?"
Maud: "Well, he was so nice about it. He asked—"

"The idea! Haven't I told you you must learn to say 'No'?"

"That's what I did say. He asked me if I'd be very angry if he kissed me!"

FOR THE BEST AND
FULLEST REPORTS OF FOOTBALL

read the London

Daily Express

On sale at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls
throughout the Country.

STREET PITCHES THAT ARE KLONDYKES.

FEW outsiders have any idea how valuable are many of the street "pitches" of London.

Only the other day, it was stated at Clerkenwell County Court that a woman who sold matches, boot-laces, and such small wares, in Fleet Street, could earn as much on a Saturday as her husband did for his whole week's work.

Miss Olive Malvery, the young high-caste Hindu lady, whose book, "The Soul Market," has created so much sensation, states in it that she has known as much as £80 to be paid for a particular haddock pitch in Battersea, and that £15 is frequently taken in a single evening at an ordinary coster's "gutter stall."

Indeed, the owners of some of the best pitches in such well-known street-markets as the New Cut, Whitecross Street, Exmouth Street, or Chapel Street, Islington, would certainly turn up their noses at an offer of even twice £80 for the goodwill of them.

These "Coster Kings" frequently buy their stock-in-trade—vegetables, fish, meat, and so forth—by the ton, and have a turnover that would raise to the seventh heaven of delight the average small shop-keeper.

There is, for instance, a kerbstone vendor of fish, known to the trade, as well as to the public which patronise him, as "Jack," who thinks nothing of laying out £200 at Billingsgate in a single morning. He has his barrows in every quarter of London, and employs quite a miniature army of assistant salesmen. Yet he has never in his life sold a single pennyworth of fish except in the open air, and rates and taxes consequently trouble him not at all.

"Is your new clerk all you thought he was?"

"Well, yes. I think he is; but I am sorry to say that he is far from being what he thinks himself to be."

WIFE: "John, dear, the doctor says I need a change of climate."

Husband: "All right. The weather report says it will be warmer to-morrow."

MOTHER: "There! You have a black eye, and your nose is bruised, and your coat is torn to bits. How many times have I told you not to play with that bad Jenkins boy?"

Bobby: "Goodness! Do I look as if we'd been playing?"

"BELINDA, if my salary were raised we could be married to-morrow."

"All right, Augustus; I'll write your employer an anonymous letter, and tell him we both think he is a mean old thing."

"We excel you in everything," boasted the American.

"I don't think you do," responded the Britisher.

"How about our get-rich-quick concerns? Have you any to equal them?"

"Certainly. How about our noblemen who marry American girls?"

A SLIP.

She seems but a slip of a girl,
She looks young and innocent, yet—
Is each glance, each sigh, and each curl
A wife of the finished coquette?

She seems but a slip of a girl,
Her voice is low, thrilling, and sweet,
Her touch sets my heart in a whirl,
And I'm longing to bow at her feet.

She seems but a slip of a girl,
My passion I fain would declare—
She might mate with a duke or an earl—
But prudence now whispers "beware."

For of all the fellows she's known—
Young, old, middle-aged, rich and poor—
She has given the slip, she will own,
To, at least, two dozen or more.

JONES (who has jumped off tramcar, which is going out of sight): "I say, did you see a hat that was knocked off the top of that tram?"

"Yes; I threw it back to the driver."

"Great Scott! I've just jumped off after it."

"Our whole neighbourhood has been stirred up," said the regular farmer reader.

The editor of the country weekly seized his pen.

"Tell me all about it," he said. "What we want is the news. What stirred it up?"

"Ploughing," said the farmer.

STRANGE DOINGS OF MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.

THE amazing marriages negotiated by the Anglo-French matrimonial agency until lately presided over by M. Cosbron and Madame Guerin, and the tragic sequel of the curious conspiracy, recall other similar cases.

Only a month or two back, for instance, all New York was laughing over the exploits of an adventurer who posed as a rich widow, in order to entrap amorous—and money-loving—bachelors. She dwelt in a sumptuously furnished flat, and the "flats" who came there were flattered to the top of their bent, until they were made to disgorge, when they were promptly denied admission.

"Mabel Wilberforce," a notorious cosmopolitan adventuress, played a similar game in England, until one of her victims mustered up courage to prosecute, when her career was cut short by a long term of imprisonment.

But her fate was a mild one compared with that of Rachael Levey, a disciple and imitator of hers, who was proved to have duped over a thousand men, from whom she received more than £25,000 in less than twelve months. One day she was shot dead in her boudoir, presumably by one of her dupes, but the identity of the assassin remains a mystery to this day.

Another case that created an enormous sensation at the time was that which involved the ruin and extinction of that prince of marriage-brokers, Mr. Leslie Duncan, the founder of the MATRIMONIAL NEWS.

A client of his, a Miss Gladys Knowles, being disappointed of her high hopes, brought an action against him, and got a verdict for £10,000 damages, whereupon Duncan bolted.

But the young lady succeeded in recovering the amount awarded her from out a vault filled with sovereigns which the fugitive had rented, under an assumed name, from a London safe deposit company.

TOPSY: "Mamma, ought I to be kind to the cat?"

Mamma: "Certainly, my child."

TOPSY: "Oh, that's all right then, because I've given it all the cream, and there's none for tea."

CITIZEN: "You hear of 'journeymen carpenters,' 'journeymen plumbers,' and all that, but you never hear of 'journeymen' at all. Funny, isn't it?"

SUBBUBS: "Yes, it certainly should be proper to speak of 'journeymen cooks.' They merely journey from place to place."

Of Chemists.

Antipon

Price
2/6
4/6

The
Wonderful
Permanent Cure for Obesity

A Grand Treatment.

Nothing could possibly excel the Antipon treatment as a means of permanently curing obesity, however severe the case may be. Indeed, it is the only really permanent remedy. It is absolutely reliable, and has cured thousands of cases of over-stoutness when all sorts of dietary and drugging methods of reducing weight have proved abortive. The secret is that Antipon overcomes the tendency towards excessive fat-development, and, therefore, does not require the meretricious aid of a famishing dietary. Quite the contrary: Its tonic action on the digestive system is remarkable, and an improved appetite, which must be amply satisfied with wholesome and nourishment is the result. Digestive power is restored, so that the extra food taken is properly digested and assimilated. Hence, perfect nutrition and renewed strength and vitality as well as restored beauty of figure. The many ailments arising from a congested condition of the vital organs owing to the dangerous internal masses of fatty matter disappear under the Antipon treatment. One is veritably a changed being—a wonder to all one's friends and acquaintances. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a decrease of 8oz. to 1lb., followed by a daily reduction until complete and lasting cure. There is nothing disagreeable about the Antipon treatment. Antipon in itself is a tonic liquid of refreshing taste. It contains none but pure herbal ingredients which have not the slightest discomforting effect, being neither aperient nor the opposite. All who try it like it, and recommend it to their corpulent friends. Its world-wide success is prodigious.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, &c., or should difficulty arise, it may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid and privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 15 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Colonial readers of "Pearson's Weekly" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Store.

Changeable weather
means Colds, Chills,
and Influenza.

BOVRIL

means protection
— cold - resisting,
influenza-repelling
— in any kind of
weather.

THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . .

SOME DAINY DISHES.

These Delicious Baked Apples

Are most wholesome for breakfast or supper. Peel and core the fruit and fill the hollows with spice and sugar, and bake long enough for the apple to form a thin crust. Sometimes a piece of butter placed on each apple before baking is an acceptable change.

Browned Crumbs to Serve with Game.

Put some crumbs into the oven, and when coloured to a nice light brown crush them with a rolling-pin. Grease a baking tin slightly with butter and make it hot. Shake the crumbs upon this and set in the oven till the crumbs are hot, when they will be ready to serve. (Reply to ELYRIA N.)

Spanish Rice.

Boil half a pound of rice as for curry, dry it thoroughly, then fry with one ounce of butter till slightly browned. Stir into the rice two large scalded and peeled tomatoes and a large tablespoonful of grated cheese. Season with pepper and salt. Serve piled high on a dish with chopped parsley scattered over.

This Pickle for Meat

Will suit your purpose. Put one pound of salt, six ounces of brown sugar, three-quarters of an ounce of saltpetre, and one gallon of water into a large saucepan, and let all boil for five minutes, skimming it all the while; then strain into a large basin, and when cold pour over the meat to be pickled; turn this every day and rub in the pickle. (Reply to JANE.)

Carrots in White Sauce.

Trim and boil some carrots, then drain them and cut into fancy shapes. Melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, stir into it smoothly a dessertspoonful of flour and pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg to taste. Add two or three spoonfuls of milk or cream. When quite cooked and very smooth, put the carrots in and simmer gently a few minutes before serving. Place in a fancy dish, and scatter finely-chopped parsley over.

Broiled Herrings and Mustard Sauce.

Put the heads off three fresh herrings, wash them clean, dry in a clean cloth, and notch the fish across with a sharp knife, dredge with flour and broil. Take the heads, smash them up, and boil in half a pint of vinegar with six whole peppercorns and one onion for fifteen minutes. Dissolve one ounce of butter and half an ounce of flour over the fire; add a teaspoonful of mustard, strain the vinegar from the herrings, add it to the butter, etc., and stir till all thickens and is cooked. Serve with the broiled herrings, and you will have a very tasty dish.

A Cheap Ox-Tail Soup.

One ox-tail, three ounces of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one good-sized carrot, one onion, some pieces of celery, one small turnip, one quart of water, salt and pepper, three or four cloves. Cut the tail into neat joints, pour boiling water on the pieces, let them soak for a few minutes, and then dry in a clean cloth. Melt half the butter in a pan and fry the pieces of tail with the vegetables cut small. Add the water and seasoning, simmer it slowly for four hours, skimming it thoroughly. Take another pan, put in the rest of the butter, stir in the flour, etc., and when all is well browned, add the stock previously strained. Season to taste and serve with pieces of tail in the tureen.

Hashed Hare

If carefully prepared is a most excellent and tasty dish. Cut up the remains of a roast hare into neat joints, taking away all superfluous bones. Place the meat on one side after removing the skin. Into a stewpan put all the bones, trimmings, and skin, cover with water, and simmer gently for three hours, adding an onion stuck with cloves. Strain off the liquor and put the bones into your stockpot. Place two ounces of dripping or clarified beef dripping into a stewpan, and when it is hot lightly fry the pieces of meat in it. Take up the meat and keep it warm, stir one ounce of flour in the fat till smooth, and gradually add the hare liquor, stirring till all looks glazed and of a nice consistency. Return the hare to the thickened gravy, let it boil up, and stew very slowly for an hour. Twenty minutes before serving add a little of the seasoning to the hash, and form the rest into balls and brown in the oven.

A USEFUL DRESSING JACKET.

ALBET the simple but becoming garment here shown is dignified by the name of "Dressing Jacket," the design (No. 16769) is nevertheless ideal for a bed jacket, since there are no trimmings of a crushable nature and, being roomy, the jacket is easily slipped on and off.



No. 16769. Paper pattern, 6d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

trimming will be found infinitely easier to apply to the curved edge than is the straight band of passementerie.

It is interesting to know that Florence Nightingale is credited with having originated this garment, for the benefit of the sick, during the Crimea; hence its name.

SOME RULES TO OBSERVE.

Be punctual.
Keep your promises.
Neglect none of the little courtesies.
Acknowledge all letters and invitations.
Learn to say the right things to the right people.
Never claim to know what you do not; the sham will soon be detected.
Never stand off with an uninterested, don't-care expression on your face.
Never correct a speaker who makes some trifling mistake of date or place.
Govern your voice, and usage is the only thing that will make that possible.

THEY DON'T SHAKE THE TEAPOT THERE.

In the interior of Australia it is the men, not the women, who are slaves to tea. They drink it all day long, and in quantities and at a strength that would seem to be poisonous. On Sunday morning the tea-maker starts with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for a day's brew, and when this has boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep, coffee-coloured liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea leaves, he repeats the process, and so on through the week. Toward the close of the week the great pot is filled with an acid mash of tea leaves, out of which the liquid is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup.

By this time the tea is the colour of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate. It is then regarded as perfection by the natives, who much prefer this poisonous liquid to the pure tea of the early part of the week.

THE NEED OF FRESH AIR.

In large and small rooms alike the air needs to be changed frequently by being kept in perpetual motion. Fresh air from outside should always be taking the place of the used-up air inside, and means should be provided for the one to get in and the other to get out. People complain of draughts from doors, whereas, if they opened a window, the draught would cease to exist. In the same way a draught from a window which is slightly opened can be stopped by opening it wider.

One of the best means of ventilating a room is the fireplace. For this reason a fireplace should never be stopped up, as is often the case in summer, with firescreens and such. If you do place a screen or ornament, place it a little forward, so that the air can get behind it. Large ferns put into a large jar look as well as anything, and the air can ventilate through them. On no account shut down the ventilators.

Beds need fresh air also, and it is for this reason that they should be well opened every morning. The fresh air must play all round them, and the hot air given off by the body at night be allowed to escape.

The fresh air craze may, of course, be carried too far; but even so, it is much better to have too much fresh air than too little; and if only people would remember this when they give crowded At Homes and parties in overheated and ill-ventilated rooms, a good deal of discomfort and ill-health might be avoided.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1903-7.	DECEMBER.	1907. JAN.	FEBRUARY.
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	M 5 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	T 12 19 26 31	T 13 20 27	T 11 18 25
Good Friday . . . March 29.	W 4 11 18 25	W 14 21 28	W 12 19 26
Easter Monday . . . April 1.	Th 5 12 19 26	Th 15 22 29	Th 13 20 27
Whitsun Monday . . . May 20.	F 6 13 20 27	F 16 23 30	F 14 21 28
Bank Holiday . . . August 5.	S 7 14 21 28	S 17 24 31	S 15 22 29

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Eat Celery.

For it is a sedative. It is good for rheumatism and also for neuralgia.

To Remove Spots of Ink or Iron-Mould.

Wet the spots with milk and cover them with common salt. This should be done before washing the material. (Reply to ELDER SISTER.)

Broiled Salt Fish.

Soak the fish overnight in skim milk. When required wipe it dry and put it on a well greased gridiron. When browned on one side, turn carefully so as not to blacken. Serve with fried potatoes.

If we Wish to Resist Disease.

We should guard against eating too much, and remember that enough is as good as a feast. All the strength expended in the digestion of superfluous food, going on day after day, acts upon the brain and nervous system, and makes them fail, and the body becomes filled with impurities, which cause the most serious and fatal diseases.

Children and Knives.

I have seen people in a terrible state of alarm when a small child, almost a baby, has taken hold of a knife, and is holding it by the blade. In their anxiety to get it away from the little one they often cause a wound. Never try to pull the knife away or force the fingers open. Hold the empty hand firmly and offer to the other a toy or something nice. The child will immediately open its hand and give up the knife for the more tempting bait.

Herbal Vinegar.

Put into a stone gallon bottle two ounces of freshly gathered tarragon leaves, one ounce each of thyme, marjoram, rosemary, parsley, chervil, and mint, the rind of half a lemon, and one ounce of black pepper, with finely pounded cloves (these three last in a muslin bag), half an ounce of garlic, and one ounce of kitchen salt. Fill up with good vinegar, cork well, and expose the bottle for three weeks to the rays of the sun. Then decant and filter into another stone gallon bottle, cork well and keep in a cool place.

When Washing Muslin Curtains.

Put them to soak over night in cold water. Next day squeeze (never wring) out carefully and place in a lather of tepid soapy water. Squeeze the curtains in this till clean, then rinse carefully and wrap in cloths. Pin an old clean sheet on the carpet, carefully pull the curtains out on this, gently pulling straight and secure in position by pins at the corners. When dry the curtains will have been quickly laundered and look as good as new. (Reply to EVA.)

Iron Bedsteads

Are better than wooden ones, as they do not harbour insects, are easily cleaned, and very durable. The laths may be preserved from rust by laying a piece of coarse canvas or old carpet over them. Waterproof materials should not be used under the mattress, as they prevent the damp escaping, and this causes the bedding to decay quickly, while the bed remains cold and damp. Once a year have all parts of the bedstead wiped over with naphtha or motor spirit, and dried in an airy room, where there is neither fire nor light. (Reply to AVEN.)

Wife Made Wise Change in Food.

Change of diet is the only way to really cure stomach and bowel trouble.

A woman says:

"My husband had dyspepsia when we were married, and had suffered from it for several years. It was almost impossible to find anything he could eat without bad results. Finally, he was persuaded to add Grape-Nuts food to his diet and he was soon entirely cured."

"I began eating Grape-Nuts food myself, when my baby was two months old, and I don't know what I should have done without it. My appetite was gone, I was weak and nervous, and afforded but very little nourishment for the child. The Grape-Nuts food, of which I soon grew very fond, speedily set all this right again, and the baby grew healthful, rosy, and beautiful as a mother could wish. He is two years old now and eats Grape-Nuts food himself. I wish every tired young mother knew of the good that Grape-Nuts would do her."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.

BEF TEA FOR THE MILLION.

By a simple but clever invention the cost of making Beef Tea has been so reduced as to bring it within the reach of thousands of homes where hitherto it has been an unattainable luxury.

The new preparation is called **Eiffel Tower Ox Cup**. It is guaranteed to be an absolutely pure and wholesome article made from Extract of Meat with valuable nutritive vegetable properties added, and its special feature is that it is supplied in the form of small jelly tablets. A 1d. tablet of Ox Cup placed in a breakfast cup of hot water instantly makes a most delicious savoury Beef Tea ready for immediate use. Fancy a breakfast cup of good Beef Tea for a 1d.

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If you have not already tried it you should certainly send a postcard for a free sample to G. Foster Clark & Co., Dept (257), Maidstone.

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The maternal mind may be relieved of much anxiety if **CHIVERS' TABLE JELLIES** are expressly ordered. They are pure and wholesome, and are flavoured with ripe fruit juices.

The "Family Doctor" says:
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Your Grocer stocks them, in various flavours, in pints and quarts.

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2 pint 30	White Sqrs. like this from	front of 2-lb. Quaker Oats Packets	Double quantity of Sqrs. required from 1-lb. packets. 1 Square from 1/- family pkt. counts as 3 2-lb. pkts.
3 " 50			
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G31

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THIS HAT WILL BE GIVEN AWAY!

A SMART FRENCH SAILOR HAT,

made in straw, trimmed with Velvet Band round crown, finished with a Handsome Bow and French Quill. This is the newest French Model, and eminently suitable for any Lady of any age. If you want one write to us at once and send a

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On receipt of this amount we will send direct to your address, carriage paid, a pair of the latest Paris Fashionable Side Combs, with a Pompadour to match, and our generous offer of this Charming Hat Free, by return of post.

The combs are richly mounted, with gold finish and hand-painted coloured effects. Haute Nouveaute. Send Postal Order to-day, as we can only keep this offer open for a short time. Address—

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EDWARDS' DEBICATED SOUP is prepared from just such wholesome and nourishing meat and vegetables as you are daily using in your own kitchen. It is therefore, in the best sense, a "home-made" soup, complete and satisfying. And the best kitchen "stock" does not make a more delightful addition to Gravies, Stews, Hashes, Ragoûts, &c., than does E-D-S. In PENNY PACKETS and in Tins at 4d., 8d., and 1/3. Grocers and Cornchandlers everywhere sell **E-D-S**

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Riches Soups, Gravies, and all Savoury Dishes. It greatly enhances the delicate flavours of all meats and is delicious with cheese.

Sold everywhere in bottles, 6d., 1/-, and 2/-.

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A capital Cookery Book, cloth bound and fully illustrated, sent post free in exchange for this coupon and a wrapper from Yorkshire Relish bottle. Address: **GOODALL, BAKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.**



THE next issue of P.W. will be the Christmas Double Number. It will be published on Thursday next, and the price will be 2d. As the demand for this issue will be largely in excess of the usual number, you should make sure of getting a copy by asking your newsagent to reserve it for you.

Here is a cheerful pessimist. He hails from Stourbridge, and writes as follows: "I would not take your prize of £500 a Year for Life even if you gave it to me. Why? Because, although I have had very little to do with editors, I regard them all as scheming villains. You don't think I believe for a moment that you or any other editor would pay so big a prize to anybody who is likely to live long. I don't say that you are going to give the prize to an old man, because you cannot do that unless he is the winner. But I do think that when the prize is awarded you will take steps to see that the person receiving it doesn't live to claim his annuity longer than you can possibly help. If I won the prize I should be in mortal dread of an 'accident' which would end my career and release you from further outlay." Thanks. You are indeed a nice man. Still, you give us credit for an intention to actually award the prize and commence paying it. In such circumstances I don't know why you should think that your poor old Editor should hunt up the winner with a coke-hammer in his hand and finish off payment of the prize on the spot. I suppose you imagine that the person responsible for conducting this paper is wicked enough to do anything to avoid his obligations in regard to the prize. You may, however, ease your mind on that point. This firm is now paying out prizes of from £5 a week for life downwards, and all the recipients are enjoying better health than they ever did before.

H. H. S. was very interested in the plan of a reader, recently given on Page Sixteen, who made a scrap-book of all the hints and recipes he found between the familiar covers of P.W. each week. "I have long followed a somewhat similar practice," writes H. H. S., "and I call the result my 'P.W. Library.' As the serial story appears every week I cut it out and paste it in an ordinary exercise-book. This makes it ever so much easier to refer back when necessary, and when the story is completed the book goes on my little P.W. shelf ready for friends to read or for me to read again. I have quite a number of volumes now."

"About this standing up to give a lady your seat in a crowded train," begins WORKER. "Isn't there a good deal to be said for the man who won't? I don't mean when the lady is a girl who obviously has been working in the City all day; she's done her job, and she is weaker than we men, so it's quite right she should be given a seat. But when the lady is one who you can see has just been up to enjoy herself, shopping or something, and who could go back by an earlier train if she pleased, is it fair to expect a man, fagged out with work, to stand up for her? It encourages them, I think." There is a good deal in what you say, WORKER. But while you can never get me to agree that a man ought to let a lady stand while he sits, I certainly think that ladies who have only come to town to enjoy themselves should make a point of getting back before the evening rush. Also, if they can afford to come up to theatres and to tea, and to expensive shops they should afford the few extra pence that would take them back first-class, thus easing the crowding in the other carriages.

"A London cab-driver really as rude and grasping towards their 'fares' as they are made out to be?" asks W. K. He cannot afford cabs himself, but he has heard a lot about cabmen's rudeness, and he would like to know if there is anything in it. There is a good deal in it, W. K. when a driver is shouting what he thinks about you to the huge delight of a grinning crowd, I can assure you. But, seriously, in the course of my work I have to rush about a good deal in cabs, and I have discovered this, that cab-drivers—like many people—are always quick to take advantage of ignorance. Rows arise with them chiefly when they are overpaid. In this way. Suppose a man goes for a very short shilling drive, he is not absolutely certain of the fare, so thinking to avoid trouble, he pays two shillings. Instantly the driver knows he has got hold of an ignorant customer, and at once he tries to bounce him for an extra sixpence. The very next fare he picks up goes every bit of two miles, knows his way about, and pays a shilling, or perhaps tuppence over. Cabby sees he's got an experienced man to deal with, says, "thankes, sir," and drives off.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

THE task of checking the attempts in this competition is proceeding as rapidly as possible. Every care has to be exercised in arriving at the result, but we hope next week to be able to state definitely when the names of the winners will appear.

WITH which hand should I raise my hat when passing a lady friend?" asks ERIQUETTE. "I am told," he writes, "that it is very rude to use the left hand."—Then you have been told wrong, ERIQUETTE. The rule is to raise the hat with the hand furthest from the lady. If she passes you on your right side, use your left hand, and vice versa.

"E. G." some years ago lost his right eye as the result of a blow. He found it very awkward to shave himself, and as his left eye seemed gradually to get weaker, he abandoned shaving altogether. The result was that the left eye grew stronger, and has kept so ever since. He attributes it to the fact of having left off shaving, and wants to know if this is possible. I am quite sure that the fact of allowing your beard to grow can have nothing to do with the strength of your left optic. It is merely a coincidence.

WHEN Prince Olaf was over here BACHELOR took "a frightful interest" in that small personage, and keenly followed all his doings as set forth in the newspapers. Since then he has been trying to analyse his feelings, and he would like to be told exactly why it is that people are almost invariably so fond of little children. For what I always think is rather a sad reason, BACHELOR. Everybody likes an honest man—in children we see absolute honesty, innocence, purity. We see in them just what we ourselves once were before we knocked about in the world and learnt all sorts of things, and encountered all sorts of troubles that we would be better and happier without. Whenever you see a man delighted with a little stranger boy or girl, you may be certain that, without knowing it, his delight springs chiefly from the joy of playing with one of the little scraps of pure innocence that keep the world bright.

BRIXTON and his wife have recently moved into another house, in a terrace. The adjoining house on the left is empty, but their neighbours on the right seem very nice people, and BRIXTON and Mrs. BRIXTON would like to get to know them well. Unfortunately, the neighbours seem disinclined to become intimate. They always smile and say "good-morning" when they meet the BRIXTONS, but do not make or accept any further advances.

I think your neighbours are very wise, BRIXTON, and you will be wise, too, if you let matters rest as they are. Intimacy between next-door neighbours is never very wise. The families get into the habit of dropping in on one another at all hours of the day and night, which is often extremely inconvenient, also of borrowing things, which is often more inconvenient still. Sooner or later this leads to a quarrel, and that is most inconvenient of all, because it is a wretched state of affairs to be on bad terms with people you meet every day. Much better preserve a bright, nodding acquaintance, and let it rest at that.

A nice young lady of Stafford wrote a story, which I was obliged to return to her. She now gets quite nasty. It was her first story, and all her friends said that "it was as good as any they had ever read in any paper or magazine ever published." Her method of revenge upon me is sweet in its simplicity. Instead of being abusive, she asks me one little question. It is this: "Can you write stories yourself? If not, I don't think you are a fit and proper person to judge stories written by other people. So there!" I am sorry to disagree with you. I don't consider a person who writes stories in great numbers at all able to act in the capacity of a successful editor. A man who writes has a style of his own, and, whether this style is popular or not, he judges all other stories by his own standard. He is inclined to accept and publish stuff which he himself likes rather than what he as editor should decide the public would like. Please, young lady, allow me to judge whether your stories are suitable for this paper.

P.W. gets into some queer parts of the world at times, and it is responsible for a good many adventures. The following letter I have just received from a reader in Mexico: "I wonder whether it will be of interest to you to hear of an unpleasant incident which happened to me a few days since through being so specially interested in 'The Whiff of Violets.' I am occupying the position of mine superintendent, and am away out in the mountains. We get English mail twice a week. Last Friday as I was starting on a visit to the mine, about two miles away, the servant brought my English mail. I immediately opened Pearson's and started on my journey to the mine on foot, reading as I went. You may judge of my surprise when I felt a movement under my foot, and immediately a hideous noise, and two blows on my leg. What happened was this: I stepped on a rattle-snake about four feet in length, and which

had seven rattles. As soon as I stepped on it it wriggled, hissed, made the characteristic noise with its tail or 'rattles,' and struck at me with its tail and tried to bite me; but very fortunately I had my mining boots on, which reach to the knees, and the 'bite' did not hurt me. I immediately called some Mexicans, who killed him, and I have the 'rattles' in my 'den' as mementoes of an escapade through being so thoroughly engrossed in 'The Whiff of Violets.'"

A HARTLEPOOL reader, who confesses to a strong desire to possess a pencil-case, confides in me that his ability is not properly appreciated by his better half. He wishes to convince her that there are some things in the top storey of his brain other than cobwebs, and if he could only justify his claim to a pencil-case he would be satisfied. "Why is it," he asks, "that the best of wives often throw cold water on any special efforts their husbands put forth? P.S.—My better half does not know I have written this. She has retired."

I admire the tact and diplomacy of the wily husband who waits until his wife has retired before he writes such a letter as that which I have received from this Hartlepool reader. It shows, anyway, that he is not lacking in common sense. Seriously though, it is unquestionably a fact that many wives fail to fully appreciate the ability of their husbands in directions other than their actual business. Of course, a great many wives are rather inclined to idolise their spouses, and to think that there are no husbands in the world like them. They think everything they do is simply marvellous. The average wife, however, is rather too prone to damp any special efforts her husband may make. This is distinctly discouraging and quite unnecessary, and shows a lack of confidence and respect, which certainly ought not to be so. The business of a wife is to encourage her husband in anything commendable he may endeavour to undertake. Even if she does not think he will succeed, the last thing in the world she ought to do is to say so.

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£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and ceases the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1906, Rules Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk. Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not during the period covered by their subscription sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the coupon to the newsagent or to the Publisher of the paper, 40, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m. Thursday, December 6th, 1906, until midnight, Friday, December 14th, 1906.

Printed by MORRIS COX, Strand Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR FRANKS LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Moorgate Street, London, W.B.

Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

In the Wars

Odd jobs about the house or garden, especially if they entail the use of tools to which he is not accustomed, often result in a crushed thumb or some painful injury for the head of the household. His wife, too, is continually "in the wars" while doing the housework, and scarcely a day passes without one of the children getting hurt in one way or another.

Cuts, bruises, burns and scalds bring more trouble than enough, as the housewife has it—unless there's a box of Zam-Buk handy. If this wise precaution has been taken each member of the family flies to Zam-Buk for the speedy relief from smarting pain that this soothing balm affords, and the hurt is soon forgotten.

Zam-Buk is the ideal healer for the home because it is perfectly antiseptic, a reliable germ-killer (preventing poisoning or festering), and a natural skin-grower, besides being so wonderfully soothing. Keep a box handy in your home.

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FREE!

Obtain this Coupon and send with 1d. Stamp to Zam-Buk Co. (Limited), 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

"Pearson's Weekly," Dec. 13th, 1914.

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GROWS NEW SKIN.

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